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August 30 1928



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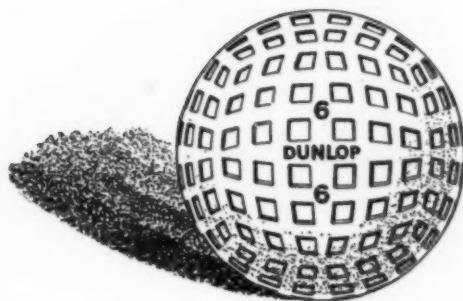
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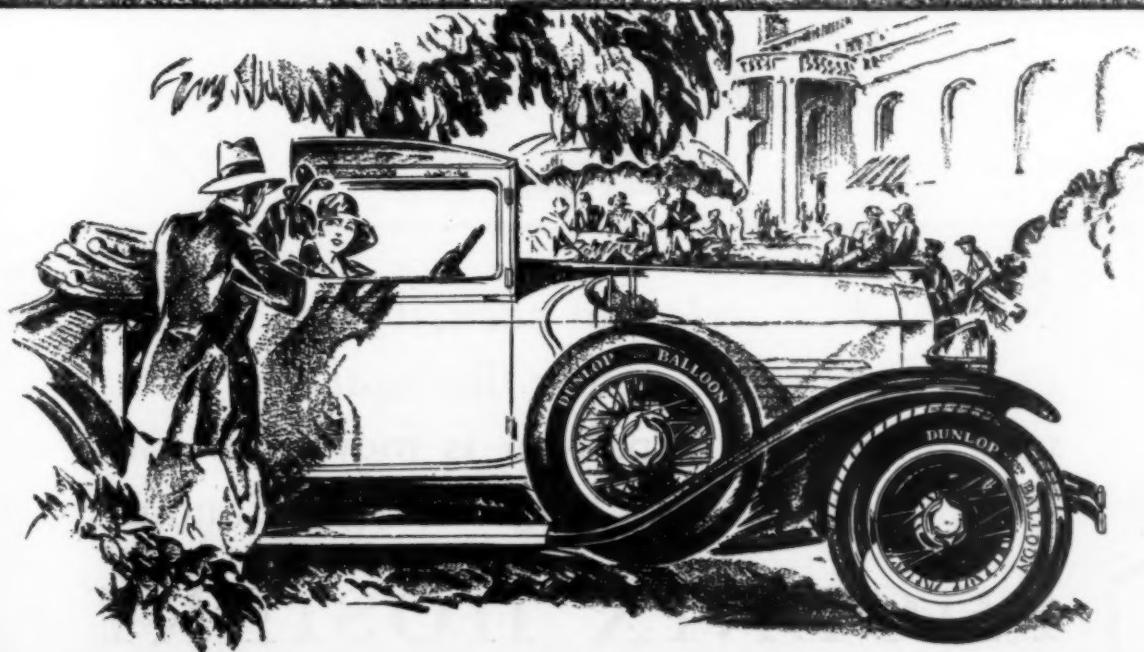


Have you ever heard anyone
ask for a better golf ball than
a DUNLOP?



Have you ever heard anyone
ask for a better tire than
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D U N L O P



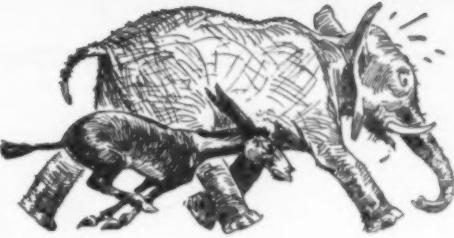


Men walk in style and security who travel in Phoenix socks. Their distinguished smartness of color and pattern is inevitably combined with in-built long-mileage economy.

PHOENIX HOSIERY



LIFE



The Bunkless Candidate Exposes the Bunk

"The Republicans Don't Want Hoover, and the Democrats Don't Want Smith"

by

WILL ROGERS

All you hear now is the Politicians of both partys, and all the editorial writers on party newspapers, bragging and hollering about what great Candidates they have, and how the Thinking Element in both partys is so Satisfied and Delighted with their new Leaders.

You get the idea from listening to 'em that Al Smith is really Thomas Jefferson disguised in a brown derby.

And Hoover is Abraham Lincoln with a college education.

Both of them Carry On The Glorious Traditions Of Our Party because they're in favor of Motherhood, Virtue, the Constitution and anything else that seems to call for a word of praise, including the Farmer.

All the Politicians have given it out that Herb and Al is practically their Ideal.

Well that's the biggest Bunk of the whole thing.

As a matter of fact both Candidates were shoved down the Politicians' throats, And it was painful swallowing.

Now take Hoover, You know as well as anything that the Politicians didn't want Hoover.

The only element that wanted Hoover

was the people, and he was put over by the people, not the Politicians. They had to take Hoover because they saw that he was the one with the most strength.

If they could have found anybody else in the party that had a prayer to get any votes outside his own block, they would have ditched Hoover and had a good laugh while doing it.

Same way with the Democrats and Al Smith, If they could only have found some real high-class man that was a Dry, and a Protestant, and who also would have been able to get a few votes here and there, they'd have nominated him quicker than you can say Joe Robinson.

I claim both these Candidates were nominated not because they were the Ideal Choices but because they had vote-getting qualifications that was not possessed by any one else in their partys.

They are both able fine men, but they wasn't chosen on that account. I heard the Republicans say a lot about Hoover (before he was nominated) that they wouldn't like to have repeated now. And a lot of prominent Democrats have certainly changed their opinions about Al Smith since they found it was Smith or nothing.

To get right down to brass tacks, Both Hoover and Smith had the poorest opposition that ever faced any Candidates in the history of nominations.

They just won because there was just nobody else in the race on either side that could give a sure guarantee that they could carry their own precinct, much less their State.

You know the Republican Farmers don't want Hoover, But they will vote for him because he will come nearer keeping their side in than anyone else.

Anyone that is not kidding themselves knows that the South is not crazy about

Smith, But they will vote for him, the same as the Farmers in Iowa will vote for Hoover.

Nothing Smith stands for is in line with the things the South stands for, But he stands the best chance of election, And that is the main thing to stand for.

He is not their Ideal of a President, But he is more their Ideal of a President than any Republican that ever lived.

So the old Gag you're hearing now that both men were put where they are by practically unanimous indorsement and approval of the whole party is the Bunk.

There is thousands of Republicans that will admit to you they "don't know what kind of a President Hoover would make," and there is thousands of Democrats that admit they "don't know what kind of a President Smith would make."

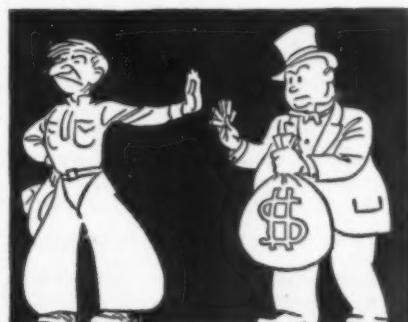
Half of each Party is not crazy about their Candidate. One is a Dry, but would not refuse Wet votes, The other is a Wet, with a Dry vote complex.

So the Wets in Pennsylvania will vote for Dry Hoover, because he's a Republican, and the Drys in Texas will vote for Wet Smith, because he's a Democrat.

Although the problem of the Farmer in



Our Candidate Refuses to Admit That Sex Appeal Is an Issue



Our Candidate Also Rejects Contributions of Money and Chewing Gum



"I'm terribly disappointed in my te this year. It didn't last hardly two weeks."

Alabama is just about the same as the problem of the Farmer in North Dakota, one of them will vote for Smith and the other will vote for Hoover.

And they won't vote the way they do because they approve the party's platform, or the party's Candidate, but because that's the way their grandfather voted when Lincoln ran against Douglas.

So the Old Bunk goes merrily on.

The whole truth of the situation is that BOTH Parties this year sold out their real independence just for Candidates who looked like they could SAVE THE POST-OFFICES.

The Anti-Bunk Campaign is getting hotter every day, and so are the Bunk Merchants who have no defense against Our Candidate's attacks. Watch this space every week between now and Election Day for broadsides from Our Candidate, who knows what he is talking about and says what he thinks.

If you want to be on our side in the great Battle against Bunk, send in your name to Rogers Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

REFeree (*excitedly*): Hey, the bell rang for the eleventh round.

BOXER: Aw, hell—let's sit this one out!

THE LITERARY INFLUENCE

SADIE: I'm going out to buy a book.
GERTIE: A Book! What on earth are you going to do with a book?

"Oh, my husband bought me the most wonderful reading lamp yesterday."

THINGS would be a lot nicer if only they'd place a "Post No Bills" sign on every letter box.



"C'mon, Grandpop, give us a tune."

A Nose for News

"Robert Deering and Miss Margaret Bloom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bloom, of Ridge Avenue, were united in marriage at the Presbyterian manse this (Thursday) morning at 9 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. Harold T. Smith. The attendants were Chief of Police and Mrs. Joseph E. Riddle."

—*Curwenville (Pa.) Herald.*

Was the Chief of Police armed, we wonder?

"WANTED—Dante's Inferno. Must be in first-class condition."

—*Advertisement in the Billboard.*

WHEN an inferno's in bad condition, it's Hell.

"LONELY HEARTS: I am a very lonely young man. I do not seem to appeal to the girls because I do not dance. I love long walks and am looking for a non-flapper girl who likes the outdoors. I do not drink, smoke or use profane language. When I am not walking I get my greatest pleasure from playing my saxophone."

—*New York Graphic.*

LONESOME—and why!

"LORD CONFERS WITH COOLIDGE"

—*Headline in the Boston Herald.*

WAIT till the Cabots and Lowells hear about this.

"JAMES NEILL—Please come home. We want you. Another boy. Minnie."

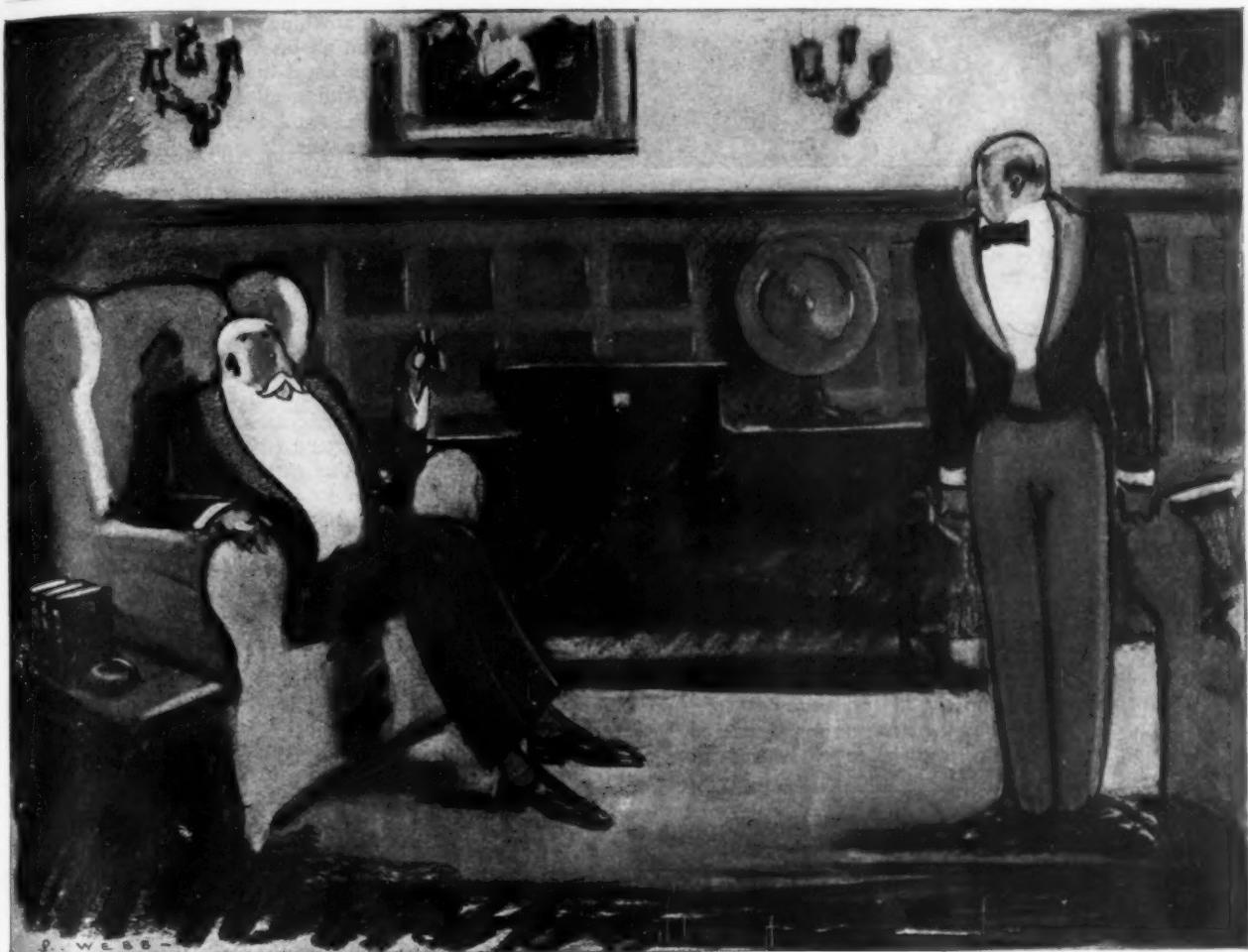
—*Detroit News.*

THE RECEPTION Committee is augmented.

"George E. Worthington, general secretary and counsel to the committee, declared that commercialized vice was on the gain. He attributed it to the fact that speak-easies, facing the rapid multiplications of such places, had been forced by the competition to add girls to the drinks." —*Boston Herald.*

SHAKE 'em up, bartender!

W
If I
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No
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Eve
fro



"Dammit, Higgins, call up WJZ and tell them their confounded time signal is seven seconds fast."

Wooden Ships and Iron Men

If I had a graceful yacht
Fleely flitting o'er the seas,
Though the town were stifling hot

I could revel in the breeze.

Through the waves I'd swiftly cut
To the buoy and back again,

Halyards singing loudly, but
Wooden ships cost iron men!

For a slender little craft

That is nautical and nice,
For the roughest sort of raft

One must pay a pretty price.

Not for me the hurricane,

Not for me the wind that whips!

Ever landsman I'll remain—

Iron men buy wooden ships!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

"How do you get such a perfect fit
from your tailor?"

"I told him I was an orchestra leader."

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

Hero Stuff

HUMAN nature is heroic.

Just take up your morning paper, and what do you see!

Everybody saving everybody else. Fliers rescued in the middle of the Atlantic. Small equestriennes snatched from the backs of bolting mounts. Telephone girls staying at their posts until the last smoky moment in order to warn hundreds of hotel guests that the house is on fire. Coast guards doing amazing deeds of valor along the shores when the terrific midsummer heat drives swimmers and non-swimmers alike into the surf seeking relief.

No one, it is evident, thinks of his own safety or comfort when a fellow creature is in danger. And that is one thing that

makes us realize that, at heart, the old world is still all there—despite the calamity broadcasters.

The cry, "To the rescue!" is still

"The greatness of any nation, its freedom from poverty and crime, its aspirations and ideals are the direct quotient of the care of its children."

—HERBERT HOOVER.

"There is no picture more pitiful than the city child dragging himself around the hot pavements with no play facilities."

—GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH.

answered in the old unselfish, gorgeous way. And that's that. So, then, which one of you will spring forward to help save the small (Please turn to page 30)



ALONG THE MAIN STEM

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

About this time two years ago, Willard, the nation wore its heart on its sleeve for Rudy Valentino. His sudden end made a lot of us sad and the old lump leaped to the throats of the mob that

liked him. The credo that New York was heartless received a severe jolt, for the natives here, over a million of them, braved heavy storms to watch his cortège go through the Whoopee Belt and otherwise conducted themselves as if Rudy meant the world to them. They were terribly sentimental over it and the lad on that Chicago paper who was the first to poke fun at Rudy about wearing a slave

bracelet must have felt as unnecessary as sideburns. But what I started out to tell you was that a short time ago Valentino's personal effects and mementoes were advertised for sale by a Broadway auctioneer. Seven people came to buy.

I was introduced to Rudy up at Tex Guinan's place when it was on 54th Street. He certainly was a handsome fellow and it was then that I believed for the first time that he could handle himself in a tiff if he had to. He packed plenty of muscle and didn't look any more like a hee-hee man than Will Rogers. I asked him why that editorial writer in Chi took such a slam at him. "I don't know why," Rudy replied; "I never rate a bad notice anywhere with the newspaper boys—except on that sheet. It always singles me out whenever I visit the town." Then Rudy went on to explain that he didn't



see anything wrong about wearing the chain on his wrist, which the editorialist argued was "too effeminate in America."

"Almost all European gentlemen wear them," said Rudy, "and when the war started nearly every American in arms wore them. However, at that time they were called identification tags. But this wrist chain carries some sentiment with it. I vowed that no matter what happened I would be wearing it when I died. I made that vow to Jean Acker, my first wife, and I don't care what people say—I'll never take it off!" And as he said that, Willard, he pounded the night club table with his fist and appeared to feel the criticism pretty hard. At any rate, after I elbowed my way through the mob that gathered in front of Campbell's Funeral Church, where Rudy was sleeping, I noticed that that ornament still was on his wrist.

I wondered if Jean Acker observed it, too.

* * *

We have a brand-new electric sign along Mazda Lane—it is the first new sign in ever so long a spell. The Hup people have taken up most of the Claridge Hotel space to feature their new and attractive machine, the wheels of which are seen spinning madly. It attracts plenty of attention. Broadway hasn't seen so novel a sign since the Normandie Hotel roof featured a chariot race in bulbs that excited all who looked at it. You probably wouldn't remember it, for you were in your short bloomers at the time. Another prize winner was the sign atop the Brokaw Building on 42nd Street, which the Corticelli Silk firm displayed. It showed a cute kitten toying with a ball of silk and getting itself all gummed up in it.

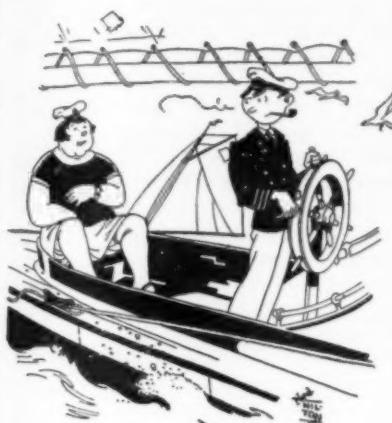
Did you know that Jeanne Williams of the chorus went to Hollywood and when she couldn't click as an extra girl she transferred her name to Sonia Karlov and told Cecil B. DeMille that she was just over from the old country? Well, DeMille fell for the gag and immediately signed her up for a leading rôle in "The Godless Girl." A few weeks later, however, studio supervisors (who are the "no"-men of the mom pitcher industry) decided against her as the "American girl" in the flicker on the ground that she was "too continental." Can you imagine?

As a matter of fact, Willard, Jeanne Williams has been glorified by Ziegfeld,



GUNMAN (apologetically): You should 'a' seen the one that got away.





"Oh, I love this. I feel just like a little sea nymph."

scandalized by George White and petrified by the Shuberts and was born right here down by de winegar woiks. Some of those movie guys can thank their lucky stars.

I meant to tell you that Rhea Crawford, the former Salvation Army gal who was so popular around here until she quit it to wed a war vet, is back on the platform again. She is in Frisco and is a professional evangelist, with a manager, press agent and everything. After working so long and so well to make Broadway get religion, she herself has got Broadway.

Eugene O'Neill has been rapping a certain dramatic critic again. "He is so conceited," growled O'Neill, "he thinks the Book of Genesis is his biography!" Let us O'Neill and pray.

Walter Winchell.

She Hoped It Wasn't True

"My dear, did you hear that wild story about Grace? Gosh, I hope it isn't true!"

"No, my dear—I haven't heard a *thing*. What story?"

"Well, I don't believe a word of it, personally, but everybody's talking about the simply awful way she carried on when she was visiting at Southampton. Gosh, my dear, I've just been hoping it wasn't true because I adore her and it doesn't sound a bit like her, do you know what I mean?"

"Well, I hadn't heard a *thing* about it, my dear, only I'm not terribly surprised because I think she *is* kind of inclined to be indiscreet sometimes."

"I know, my dear, but I've just been hoping it wasn't true about the terrible way they say she behaved at Southampton."

"Well, nobody adores her more than I | *Mercury* would be impossible."

do, my dear, and I always stick up for her but if she will do wild things you've got to expect people to talk."

"I know, my dear, but she's *so* sweet, really. I mean I don't think she really means to do anything out of the *way*, do you?"

"Of course not. She's the last person in the world who would, but she just doesn't think about the consequences and of course people who don't really know her misinterpret her motives or something and she gets the credit for being awfully wild."

"I s'pose that's *it*, isn't it, my dear? But, gosh, I simply hate to think of her doing anything so simply awful as what they say she did at Southampton, my dear, because I mean it's simply terrible if she really did what they say she did, which is why I've been hoping it wasn't true because I mean it just makes me sick to think of her doing anything so frightful, do you know what I mean?"

"I certainly do, my dear—and by the way, what was it they say she did at Southampton?"

Lloyd Mayer.

Only I

Do I alone think
these thoughts?

Ah, no!

Socrates
and Con Fu Tzu,
they, too,
were wise men.

Socrates, and
Con Fu Tzu, and I
together—
how we could
knock the world
cockeyed!

But (ah me!)
Socrates
is dead, and
so is Con Fu Tzu....

Only I
am left.....

C. Lee Quong.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

JUDGE: Is there anything you would like to say before the Court passes sentence?

PROSPECTIVE CONVICT: I think it is only fitting that I should say at this time that if it were not for Your Honor and the ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the articles I intend to write for the *American Mercury* would be impossible.

Bunkless—Plus!

THE THREE candidates had vowed they would conduct a bunkless campaign.



"I will have no boloney pictures," said one, when the photographers wished to snap him in the act of laying a brick.

Many voters exclaimed, "This is a bunkless man. We will vote for him."



Then the second candidate balked when a mother held up her baby for him to kiss. "I will kiss no babies for publication," he announced.

Many voters cried, "This man is honest and sincere. We will vote for him."

But the third candidate performed an act so honest, so forthright, so fearless, and so appealing to all normal men that the like of it had never been seen. He laid a



brick, swiftly and heavily, on a mother who held up her baby for him to kiss.

The entire electorate turned to him for the greatest landslide in history.

Elmer C. Adams.



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

August 4 The early morning gone in catching up with my reading of periodicals, and I did see where Josephus Daniels, explaining why he did not withdraw his support from Gov. Smith with the other Democratic drys at Asheville, did say through his own journal: "The wisest course the Democratic party can pursue is to elect Senators and Representatives who will pledge themselves to vote against any suggestion of Gov. Smith if he is elected," and I could not but reflect how pleased the Governor must be with such big-hearted allegiance. To the lake for luncheon on the launch with Sam, and afterwards watching the Star Class yacht race,

won by our cozen-in-law W. T. S. Smith, which seemed fitting in that Admiral Sampson was his grandfather. A great company for dinner, during which we fell to naming yearlings, and I did suggest that Kick the Bucket might do for one by Cudgel out of Milk Maid, to which its owner agreed, but half-heartedly. Then to keep a bridge engagement in the village, returning so late that my first peals at the bell were unanswered, the watchman being on his rounds, nor did I dare to try a window, neither, for fear that he might aistake me for an intruder and fire at me, so dropped into a porch chair and began a book which lay at hand, "Diversey," a story based on gangster life in Chicago, and so engrossing that it kept me awake several hours after I reached my bed.

August 5 Lay late, pondering this and (*Lord's Day*) sayings like "Then let them eat cake!" manage to be handed down through the centuries and how stupid it

is for persons to boast that they never listen to servants' gossip, when it is one of the best means of acquiring information. Then up and did on my beige dotted Swiss, the day being humid, and to sit on porch cushion and sew as fine a French seam as was possible in the material which I have chosen for my new lingerie. Lord! I did put in considerable time during my youth on the geometrical propositions of Euclid, but the knowledge avails me nought when I discover, after basting various widths together, that crêpe de chine has torn unevenly. So I do whack remorselessly here and there with my scissors when such a misfortune befalls me, secure in the reflection that none but myself will ever be the wiser, a sanguinity which my grandmother, were she alive, would thoroughly deplore, for she did train me never to let a pin do the service of thread lest I be taken to a hospital from a street accident and the family disgraced through the discovery of such a makeshift in my clothing. By the same token, she did insist that every newspaper and magazine be folded and in its place before we did go to bed, lest the doctor, summoned suddenly in the night, be scandalized by our slovenliness out of working a proper cure for the ailing one. News come during luncheon that M. G. was going up in the hydroplane from which a visiting commercial aviator derives great profit on fair Sundays, so all of us to the landing to watch her ascend, one of her daughters imploring her at least to leave her pearls behind, but she did grimly retain them. Back to look over the Sunday papers, the illustrated advertising sections of which I do never peruse without wishing that I were again a Junior Miss from 13 to 17 years. Then to watch the tennis until it did come on to rain, and so, after a fine dinner of lobster, champagne, etc., to bed, satisfied with the pleasure the country affords me in summertime, once I have become resigned to the fact that the pleats aren't going to stay in my skirts.

Baird Leonard.



"Tell me, my dear, do you still propose to marry Van?"

"Well, I like the boy, but I don't know that his type would exactly become the modernistic tendencies in furniture."

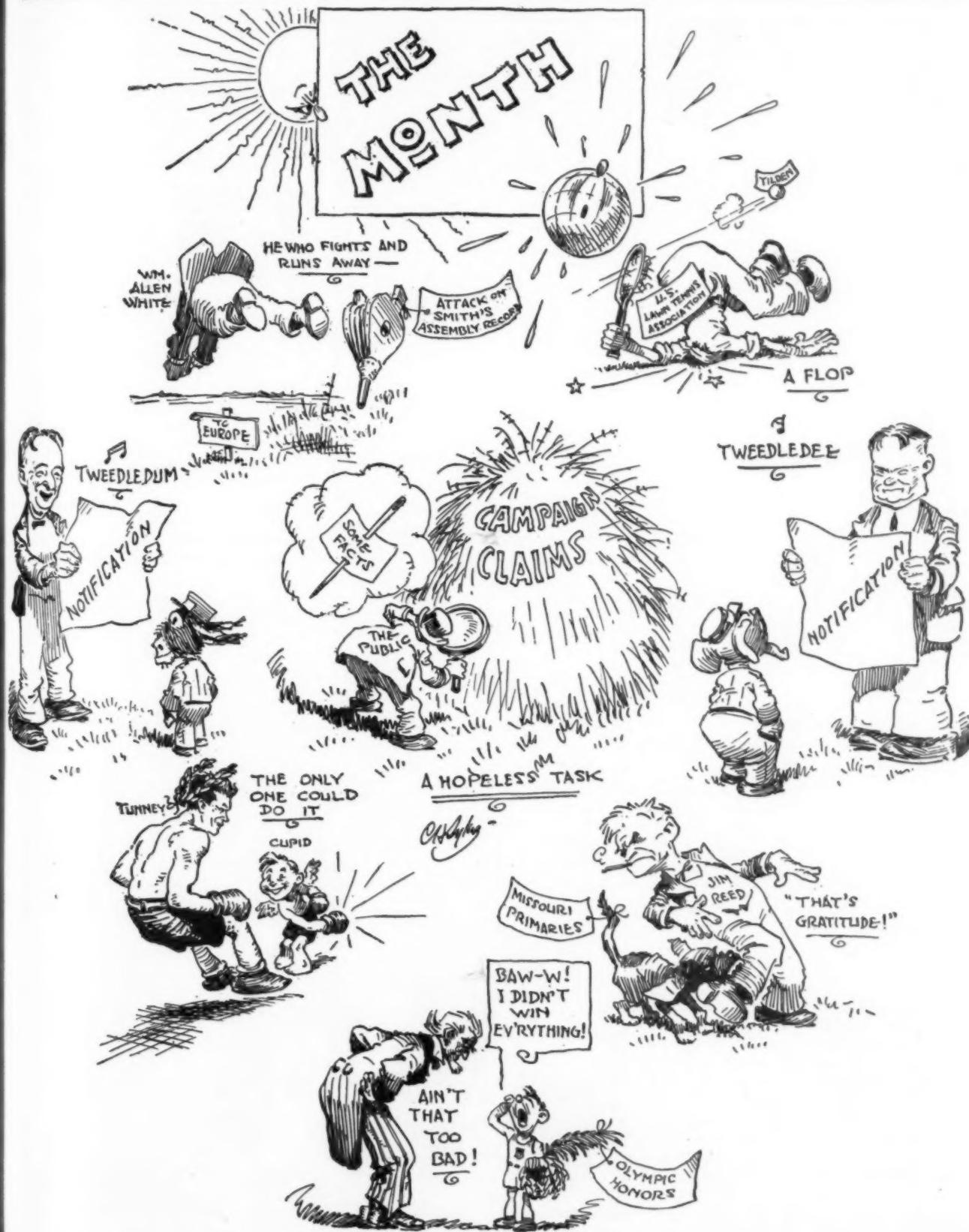
IN THE HOLLYWOOD HEAVENS

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Polish, Austrian, Swede or Mex.,
Twinkling with imported sex.

THE MENACE

"LEW PERKINS is always trying to get himself invited to parties."

"Yes—look out for that fiend. He has a sax to grind."





THE POLITICAL FRONT

White Collar Farmers



THE PROHIBITION issue in this campaign has had the effect of subordinating the vexatious and tiresome question of farm relief. The gentlemen in charge of farm organizations are upset. Most of them enjoy no more immediate contact with Nature than an inspection of tractor advertisements in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The most insistent delineator of agrarian pauperism puts up at the Ritz when in New York. For some years these white-collar organizers of farm discontent have made life miserable for 531 members of Congress, most of whom have voted from panic rather than conviction. The amiable Mr. Curtis of Kansas (you remember Mr. Curtis) has voted "Yes" and "No" on McNary-Haugenism, and shares with his equally facile colleagues a detestation of the issue. So three hearty cheers went up when Mr. Smith removed public attention from corn and wheat and put it on liquor.

The farm organizers, however, are furious. Their equalization fee has died on them. The Republican party has officially and formally refused to furnish any further nourishment. Governor Smith hesitated for a moment, gave it a Gallic indorsement "in principle," and then came right out against it. So between Messrs. Hoover and Smith there is simply a choice of two evils, from a farm viewpoint.

* * *

THE EQUALIZATION fee is a device which embodies portions of the Binomial Theorem and recent experiments in the creation of living tissue under polarized light. It had a most unpleasant effect, for example, on Mr. Coolidge, whose ignorance of Greek caused him to suspect such quantities as *pi*, *rho* and *beta* where the United States Treasury was concerned. You will notice that newspaper editors in discussing it always employ abstract language. Governor Smith has engaged one of those Columbia University professors to inquire into its real nature.

As an issue the farm problem, if it depends upon a formula of this complexity, has no chance whatever, especially when our lethargic citizens are discussing light wines and beer. I do not know, at this writing, what Mr. Smith's attitude on the farm issue will be, but I doubt that the farm question will evoke a sharp contest in this campaign. Farming conditions, especially in view of this year's wheat price, are favorable for political exploitation, but Mr. Smith cannot sanction any of the more radical farm palliatives without alienating Eastern business, which he and his managers are so anxious to conciliate.

* * *

It is part of our American character to put great faith in investigations, commissions and combinations of both. The Governor, for example, promises, in the event of his election, to summon a conference to "investigate" agrarian conditions in this country. Dozens of similar investigations have been conducted in the

past seven years; there are storerooms and filing cabinets in Washington crammed with information. What is required is not information but a touch of genius in transforming this material into legislation, for it is plain that the economic condition of American agriculture will not change in the natural course of events. Mr. Hoover, on the other hand, promises

an investigation into the problems of Prohibition and enforcement, which is just what Brigadier General Andrews proposed when he became Chief Enforcement Officer a few years ago. Mr. Andrews found that to

investigate Prohibition would cost as much again as Congress is spending to enforce it. Such investigations as he was able to effect produced nothing except Mr. Andrews' departure for private life.

Prohibition has been a fact since 1919 and agriculture has been depressed since 1920. There is no need for investigations, commissions, boards and surveys. What is required is a concrete program for legislation.

The man who constructs that concrete program may well be rewarded with the presidency—but not, it is safe to predict, in 1928.

Henry Suydam.



RADIO PROGRAM CONDUCTOR: Now don't be nervous. It's perfectly simple. All you got to do is make 'em laugh.

Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

In soft years of ease, our soft manners and softer religion, or no visible religion at all, seem to suffice the world at large. But in times of stress, it is the Roughneck and it is his simple and stark Faith which comes to the front and saves the day. A hundred times throughout history, it has been so. Always must it be so.

—Albert Payson Terhune.

They say liquor is being served in New York. If that is so it ought to be stopped.

—Mayor James J. Walker.

I do not scoff at youthful love. Far from it.—Fanny Ward.

Sex and youth are only the vanguards of maturity and love.—Fannie Hurst.

As for women, I don't believe that they ever fall in love at all.—H. L. Mencken.

I look upon horrible dreams as one of the assets of humanity; because one feels so elated after waking.

—William Lyon Phelps.

You can't be a good American and be crooked.—Clarence Budington Kelland.

Young people, I think, are more serious now than ever before about marriage.

—Albert E. Wiggin.

The Human Body According to the Comic Strips

It is impervious to the following ordinarily deadly instruments: bullets, bombs, shrapnel; razors, stilettos and cutlery in general. If any of these do penetrate, they either go right through as though nothing had happened, or else are completely ignored while inside.

Cannon balls merely carry it for a ride.

A brickbat thrown at the skull bounces off with a noise like "WHAM!", "ZOWIE!" or "OUCH!"

It survives any such discomfort as being held under water for a day, until the appearance of the sequel strip, breathing "G-L-LLL-U-UP!"

If dropped from a forty-story building it lands with a "THUD!" and rises immediately to assume its part in the next box. If that is the last box, however, it gets twenty-four hours off for rest.

In sleep it always makes a noise like wood being sawed—"Zzzzzzzzzz."

When severely stunned, the pupils of its eyes assume the geometric form of a cross. It always observes active astronomical bodies in unconsciousness.

When surprised, it rises obliquely and backwards off its feet, with hair absolutely



"THE SCULPTOR WAS LOST IN HIS WORK."

perpendicular to the scalp, as though drawn by a huge vacuum.

In babyhood, it never has less or more than one single, solitary hair.

Bernard Teran.

"WHAT was that explosion over in Delaware—one of the powder factories blow up?"

"No, just a DuPont gone Democratic."

WIFE: Darn it, I simply can't find my bathing suit anywhere!

HUSBAND: Maybe you've got it on, dear.

Invocation

By a Jazz-Sick Soul

OH, curse me a curse for the slide trombone!

Oh, curse me a worse for the saxophone!

Oh, curse me the blare of the baritone!

Oh, curse the whole orchestra gaily!

But save me the vilest, the deadliest curse
For an instrument worse, indisputably
worse.

Oh, shout it in prose! Oh, scream it in
verse!

Oh, curse me the curst ukulele!

Asia Kagowan.



THE THEATRE



The First Three

THE so-called "legitimate" theatrical season of 1928 and (if it's lucky) 1929 opened in a highly inauspicious manner with a little peach entitled "Elmer Gantry." We were almost tempted to call the whole season off right then and there.

As those of you whose eyes and minds co-ordinate have already guessed, "Elmer Gantry" is based on Sinclair Lewis's novel of the same name. Now, the novel itself was no marvel of subtlety, but compared with the play it was written in code. The *Elmer Gantry* of the play does everything but paint himself black on one side and white on the other. We defy anyone to find a child small and stupid enough (and there are some pretty small and pretty stupid children barging about right now) not to understand, after the first four minutes of the *Reverend Gantry's* dialogue, that he is just as nasty a hypocrite as he can be. As for grownups, there is nothing much left to do but make paper boats while the play is going on.



THE DELICACY of innuendo in this drama of the shameful shepherd may be detected in the scene where the *Reverend Gantry* is discovered alone playing "Frankie and Johnnie" on the melodeon, only to change quickly to "Nearer, My God, to Thee" when someone enters the room. You see, by this means the quick-witted ones in the audience are given the tip-off that he really is carnal-minded and only make-believing in his religious moods. And by the time he has come in with a copy of what he says is the *Christian Herald*, which is almost immediately held up to view as the *Police Gazette*, the thing is practically an open secret. The whole play is like that.



THE irritating thing about "Elmer Gantry" is that it is done with the air of dropping a satirical bomb-shell in showing up religious zealots as being really hypocritical sensualists. There evidently was some idea of throwing the world into

an uproar with this disclosure. The fact that already three much better plays on the same subject have been done in the past two years (two of them enhanced by the presence of William A. Brady's daughter—so he must have seen them) has not dampened the crusading spirit of the little band of authors who are responsible for "Elmer Gantry." By reducing the thing to A, B, and possibly C, they have made unbelievable a theme which originally possessed great dramatic power. If we ever see a play about a lecherous preacher again, we shoot to kill. The fact that Edward Pawley was able to give the character of *Elmer* any semblance of life at all is a great tribute to his ability as an actor.



THE next to come along was a sentimental number called "The Song Writer," which we sophisticated boys may lift an eyebrow at but which will undoubtedly fill the niche in Mr. Leblang's theater for which it was created.

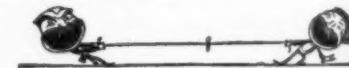
In "The Song Writer" Mr. Crane Wilbur has followed fairly closely for one act, and with questionable taste, the story of the famous nuptials which so upset the Postal Telegraph Company a couple of years ago. This much is pretty terrible, even according to Leblang standards. From then on the story branches out on its own, and, while we wouldn't go so far as to say that it makes a good story, neither would we deny its effectiveness for certain uses. And, thanks to Jennie Moscowitz as the Jewish mother and Miss Mayo Methot in one scene (oddly enough a cocktail party), there are moments when almost anyone can pay attention without feeling superior.

The rôle of the young song-writer is taken by that small graduate from vaudeville, Georgie Price, and we have little complaining to do on that score. The author has made him something of a prat on several occasions, but that is none of our business.

On the whole, we do not recommend "The Song Writer" for the carriage trade, but we expect to have to think up things to say about it in the Confidential Guide for quite a while yet, and for what it sets out to be, it comes through very nicely.

EACH season there comes one play with an advance reputation which assures its success almost before it opens on Broadway. "The Front Page" is the lucky one for 1928. This whirlwind of comedy melodrama and rowdy dialogue can hardly help crashing along through the season, chiefly because it is a darned good show.

It is another of the "Sock Chicago" series and was written by two Chicago reporters, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who have remembered not only a lot of their Windy City playmates but an incredible number of words they use. The action, which takes place in the Press Room of the Criminal Courts Building while a condemned murderer is being chivied about from gallows to gents' room, is practically incessant after the first scene, and an uncannily selected and directed cast makes the effect as near to perfect as such things can get. Lee Tracy (formerly hoofing it in "Broadway"), the infallible Osgood Perkins, Dorothy Stickney, Claude Cooper, Willard Robertson and a lot of bona fide reporters whose names we couldn't allocate (we did recognize Joseph Spurin-Calleia as the waiter in "Broadway" who jingled the change in his pocket), all helped to make "The Front Page" the real and violent cross-section of life that it is.



WE ought, perhaps, to warn prospective clients of "The Front Page" that they are likely to hear a lot of talk that they have never heard on the stage before, but it won't do them a bit of harm. Personally, we do not object to it, but we do feel that the authors have made their reporters too consistently amusing. Some of the dullest moments of our life have been spent in a newspaper office in New York and we resent the implication that Chicago reporters are given to cracking wiser than our local boys. If there had been as many laughs covering the criminal courts in 1916 as there are in "The Front Page," we would still be working for the *New York Tribune*. (Voice from the Managing Editor's office in the *New York Tribune*: "Oh, no, you wouldn't!")

Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 26.



OLD HACKMAN (to bride): Yes, I remember the day I took your mother to get her first divorce.

A Newspaper Reader's Presidential Questionnaire

1. WHICH can put more grace into throwing out the first ball, Hoover or Smith? Which has more speed?

2. Is either candidate a southpaw?

3. If both candidates are southpaws, what is the name of the Communist candidate?

4. What is the comparative experience of the candidates in the business of placing wreaths on the grave of the Unknown Soldier?

5. Which candidate can handle a trowel more expertly? A pitchfork? A sap bucket?

6. What can Hoover go around in? Smith? Whose favorite caddie has more freckles?

7. Is either candidate a reader of detective stories?

8. Which candidate looks more impressive in Indian headdress? In overalls? In chaps and sombrero? On a horse? On an electric hobby-horse? In a delegation of Daughters of the American Revolution? Of milk-bottle-cap manufacturers?

9. What are the respective breakfast menus of the candidates? Does either candidate make breakfast the largest meal of the day?

10. What are the respective forms of bait used by the candidates in trout fishing?

11. What is the comparative experience of the candidates in the business of greeting Tom Mix? Tom's horse? Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks? Al Jolson? Schumann-Heink? Chief Two Guns White Calf? The boy who grows the largest cauliflower in North Dakota?

12. Which candidate will Mr. Mays, the White House barber, like to work on better?

13. Which candidate's wife wears better-looking hats? Smiles wider? Hugs little girls with flowers more charmingly?

14. What breeds of dog are preferred by the candidates' wives? Check.

Collie Airedale

Mrs. HOOVER Airedale

Great Dane Miscellaneous

Collie Airedale

Mrs. SMITH Miscellaneous

Great Dane Miscellaneous

Collie Airedale

Poodle Miscellaneous

Tupper Greenwald.



"Now say 'thank you' to the doctor, nicely."

DEFYING THE ELEMENTS

Just after Hoover had delivered his acceptance speech, in which he pleaded for strict enforcement of the dry law, no fewer than eight inches of rain fell in Washington, D. C.

King Canute couldn't hold back the tide.
Neither can Hoover.

JIM: How do you know there has been a picnic here?

ZIM: I see by the papers.



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"
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VARIOUS expert students of trade and industry have assured us that business is going to pick up very shortly.

If it does not, of course, all right-thinking men will understand that the business community is afraid of a possible Democratic administration; but the feeling seems to be gaining ground that the Bolshevik peril with which Messrs. Raskob and Du Pont threaten the nation might not hold water as an explanation of a business depression which began a year before these gentlemen resigned from the Union League Club. If the Republican orators are going to appeal to the voters this fall to continue the Grand Old Party in power on the strength of the prosperity it has given the country, it might be a good idea to have a little more prosperity out on the counter where everybody can see it.

The question remains where business is to find the money for this predicted expansion. A year or so ago such a speculation would have been a joke; but if the experts are right it is at present a rather serious problem. So much American money has been invested in street railroads and electric light plants in remote quarters of eastern Europe and South America, so much European money has gone back home now that European conditions are more stable, that for the first time in some years this most favored nation has to make up its mind which of two things it will do with its money. At present, apparently, most of the spare cash of the United States is tied up in brokers' loans which finance the remnants of the last boom on Wall Street, and the beginnings of the next; and since both

the security and the rate of interest are better there than they might be in any serious attempt to do more business, it may stay there.



THERE must be no place for cynicism, says Mr. Hoover, in the creed of America. Bowing to that authoritative pronouncement, one represses several observations that might be made about this preference of the American people for using their money to inflate existing values rather than to create new values. Mr. Hoover has also said that the final purpose of this nation is happier homes; and what can make a home happier than to buy a block of stock on margin at 75 and see it rocket up to 220? It is a good deal more fun than working for your money. This high-minded nation abhors gambling, as is shown by the large sums of money that proprietors of gambling establishments must pay for protection. But to buy a stock that has never paid a dividend at 150, in the hope that you may be able to sell it at 250, is not gambling; it has all the thrills of gambling, but properly regarded, it is only intelligent participation in the growth of America.



THE MULTILATERAL treaties renouncing war as an instrument of policy have been duly signed and sealed; but there is no haste visible upon the part of any of the signatory governments to renounce any of the instruments of war. The only step in that direction, the Anglo-French naval understanding, remains as mysterious at

this writing as the Hall-Mills murder; but so far as can be gathered from the rumors and intimations that have come out of European capitals, it seems that England and France, casting a meaning glance across the Atlantic, have formally renounced the types of cruisers and submarines which America might find useful, without giving up the kinds they need themselves. In the circumstances Mr. Coolidge only talked sound sense when he said that there was no reason to let the treaties affect the strength of the American defensive establishment.

This is no sign that the treaties are useless; although one cannot help remembering that Mr. Bryan, too, when he was Secretary of State, negotiated a large number of treaties which were to have somewhat the effect of the Kellogg documents. But it is a dangerous thing to have a treaty, written or unwritten, which the different parties understand in different ways. In the last days of July, 1914, the French Government thought that the Anglo-French Entente meant that England would stand by France, the German Government thought it meant that England would not, and the English Government did not know. If the meaning of that understanding had been clear and precise the war of 1914-1918 might have ended as it began, with a few shots across the Danube.



At present a good many European commentators seem to think that the Kellogg treaties imply that in case of a European coalition against an aggressor nation, that coalition can count on at least passive support from America. But Mr. Hoover says that we must maintain our independence from what he calls "the political exigencies of the Old World." We will co-operate with the League of Nations, he says, to further scientific, economic and social welfare. But if other signatories to the Great Renunciation go to war in fulfilment of their League obligations, will we back them up, or insist on our right to send American goods through a League blockade to a nation with which we are not at war? Apparently we shall decide that question when the time comes, just as Asquith and Grey did in 1914.

Of course it is always possible that when Mr. Hoover said that, he was thinking less of the political exigencies of the Old World than of the political exigencies of a Republican presidential candidate

who was a pro-League Republican in 1920 and no Republican at all in 1918. And perhaps some "spokesman for Mr. Hoover" may tell the governments of Europe that he did not really mean it, as a spokesman whom Mr. Hoover later repudiated told the newspapermen at Palo Alto that he did not really mean what he said about nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment.

But it is conceivable that the French Government, for instance, might not be so eager to be convinced as were the wet Republican newspapers of New York City.

MR. KELLOGG appears to regard these treaties as the crown and culmination of his diplomatic career. Fortunately he need not rely on any such perishable laurels. In his early years at the State Department his performance was, to put it mildly, not impressive. But the dubious and dangerous Mexican policy of a few years ago has given place to an attitude, embodied in Mr. Morrow but apparently shared by the whole administration, which deserves the highest praise. In China, through a delicate and difficult period, our government has behaved, on the whole, more sensibly than any other foreign government. Even in Nicaragua our policy could be defended on grounds of national interest, if the administration could be persuaded to give up the pretense that we are spanking the Nicaraguans with reluctance, and solely for their own good.

To what extent Mr. Kellogg is personally responsible for all this the general public does not know; but he got the blame for the doings of his subordinates and his superiors when things were going badly, and it seems no more than fair to give him some share of the credit when things are going well.

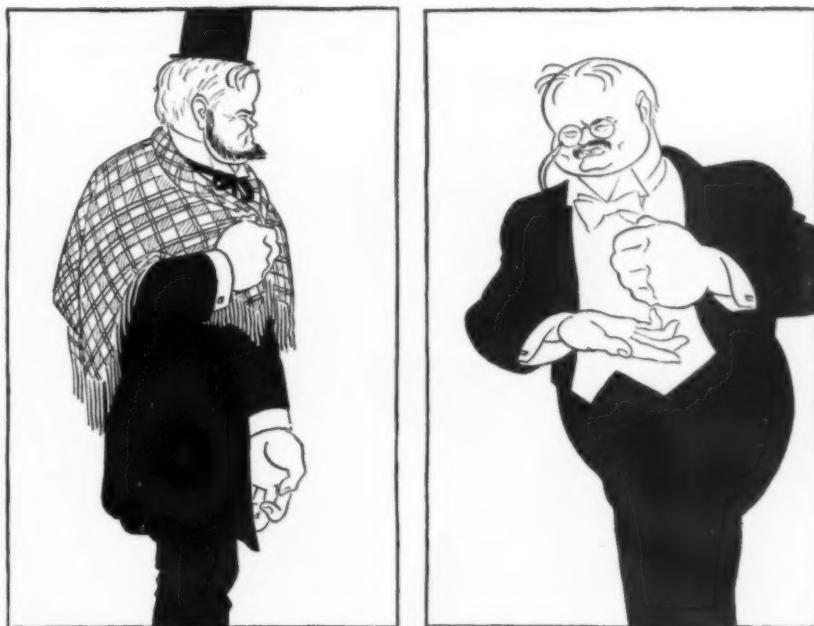
Two detectives swore upon the witness stand, in a New York trial, that they had bought a pint of whiskey from a woman defendant for fifty cents. Inasmuch as a single drink of whiskey costs more than that, in most parts of New York, counsel for the defense called the witnesses perjurers. Whereupon, after the verdict, the Judge (a visitor from Texas) remarked: "In my section of the country, had you made such an accusation against an officer of the law, he would have smashed you before you got out of the courtroom. I am saying this in order to obtain, if possible, in this court that fine, genteel, sportsmanlike demeanor which should characterize the courts of our country."

It is hard to see what more His Honor could have done to promote gentility and

Carrying on the Glorious Traditions of the Party



AL SMITH AS THOMAS JEFFERSON AND WOODROW WILSON



HERBERT HOOVER AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT

sportsmanship in the courtroom, unless he had stepped down from the bench and smashed the learned counsel himself.

Elmer Davis.

"WHAT'S the difference between a Democrat and a Republican?"

"None at all. They both have the same size Campaign Fund now."

THE HECKLER

POLITICIAN (*making a speech*): I repeat that I have always voted dry and always shall vote dry. Now has anyone anything to say on this subject?

BOOTLEGGER (*in back of hall*): Yeah. You still owe me for that liquor you bought last month.

Picking a Juror

THE SCENE is the Criminal Courts Building. They are about to try Tony Teguchi on the charge of murdering Mamie Bolando. He was arrested as he came out of her room with a knife in his hand. She lay dead with twenty-one knife wounds—eleven of them in the back. The defense is that Mamie was depressed in mind, and that she committed suicide.

The Assistant District Attorney has not been cast for the part by any of the directors of crook plays. That is, he is not the savage rascal, visibly thirsting for the blood of the innocent, that is usually shown on the stage. He is, instead, plump, blond and good-natured in appearance.

The Counsel for the Defense is far more terrifying. He is also a small man,

with a big shock of red hair. He glares at everyone, for he is struggling under the colossal injustice of the century: that the brutal law should have accused his client of *crime*. His brow is wrinkled with care, since it is his duty to look as much as possible like Lenin and Abraham Lincoln and Clarence Darrow and Daniel Webster and Dr. Freud, all at the same time, and to impress spectators with the idea that he, alone in this Court, represents liberty, justice, sweetness and light, and modern humane thought against the attacking powers of tyranny and black reaction.

The Clerk calls for Simon Jasper—the first of the talesman for the jury. Mr. Jasper is a mild-looking man, weight about 230 pounds. He is sworn, and takes his seat for the examination. The Assist-

District Attorney asks him a few questions—whether he is related to anyone in the case or not—and then sits down.

Counsel for the prisoner advances with the measured tread of the panther, and turns upon the perspiring Jasper a dreadful, searching stare.

"Mr. Jasper," he says, "have you been reading in the papers about a 'crime wave,' or something of the kind?"

* * *

This is what he *says*. But his manner of unutterable scorn, the tone of vitriolic sarcasm which he uses, make it plain that this is his real question:

"Have you been filling your mind with the mass of hokum that you find in the vile gutter-sheet which, I take it, is your daily source of information? Have you deluded your feeble intelligence until you think that anybody has disgraced our beautiful city by committing a *crime*?"

Mr. Jasper murmurs that he does read the papers. He is already deeply ashamed of it.

The lawyer goes on:

"Well, Mr. Jasper, have you got the idea that something ought to be done about this so-called crime-wave?"

The question is asked in a manner calculated to make it sound like this:

"Have you come down here licking your fat chops over the prospect of a general slaughter of poor and defenseless folk? Probably you want to see electric chairs set up on every street-corner, so that the police can shove into them anybody they happen to dislike? Is that your notion of justice?"

Mr. Jasper remarks that he supposes that something always has to be done about crime.

The lawyer replies:

"H'm!" And even his brief "H'm!" seems to convey: "Yes! A pinhead like you would have some such idea!"

* * *

He then continues:

"Are you aware that these proceedings are very serious for my client?"

This is his way of asking:

"Do you realize that although it may strike you and these other jackals as amusing to torture this poor, innocent boy, nevertheless I am here to prevent any disgrace to the name of civilization?"

Mr. Jasper places a hand on each knee, leans forward, and says that he knows that it *is* serious.

Counsel for the Defense, after a moment spent in a struggle with his righteous indignation, makes this inquiry:

"Are you prejudiced against this boy



THE CAROT STANDISH FAMILY OF BACK BAY, BOSTON, RECEIVE A TELEGRAM FROM THEIR NIECE THAT SHE HAS JUST WON A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST

because he is charged with murder, and because he is sitting here in Court, with these officers all around him?"

This is intended to reach Mr. Jasper's brain in some form like this:

"Are you man enough to see that in all this collection of hyenas, the innocence of my client stands out, fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky?"

He follows this with:

"Do you understand that my client has a right not to go on the witness stand, and that nothing is to be presumed against him on that account? Can you promise that you will not be prejudiced against him if he avails himself of his rights?"

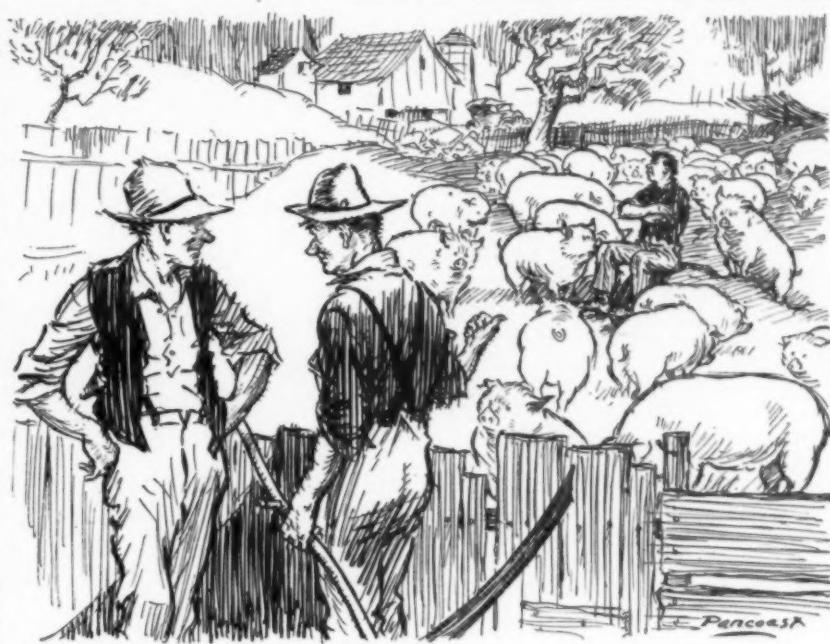
* * *

This is supposed to register as follows:

"Is your coarse nature capable of penetrating the high-souled idealism of this Sir Galahad? Can you conceive a gallant spirit who not only scorns to clear himself of these absurd charges, but absolutely refuses to make public the real facts, which are that he saw the actual murderers at work, and recognized them as two prominent Wall Street brokers, assisted by a Judge of the Supreme Court?"

After ten minutes more of similar questioning, the attorney for the prisoner rests from inquiry, and treats Mr. Jasper to a prolonged stare. He is exercising his marvelous powers of reading the human soul, and detecting those whose hearts are black with innate cruelty. At the end of this stare, he challenges Mr. Jasper, and the latter is excused.

By these methods, the selection of a jury is prolonged from 10:30 A. M. to 4 P. M. On the following day, after the medical testimony is in, the prisoner and



his counsel desire to change the plea, and the District Attorney accepts a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree. Tony goes to Sing Sing, much relieved, and congratulated by all his friends.

And, as a jury for a similar trial in London would have been chosen in thirty minutes, the incident once more proves what a backward, old-fogey nation England is, and how much the English have to learn from us in progressive methods and business efficiency.

Edmund Pearson.



"What do you think of this business school idea?"

"Oh, it's a swell idea! My old man's in one now learning how to support me."

Light Love

It will not last—this little love of ours,
But does that matter? Really, not a bit.
We will have had one moment exquisite
And it will vanish—like the summer flowers.
Blest be our failure—flint in little showers,
Not the great pyrotechnical display
Of Abelard and Héloïse. One day
Of love for us beneath these amorous bowers.

Lighter than snow is love that men call light,
Lighter than butterflies' swift, vagrant wings.
Yet the least snow can make the world more bright,
And who refuses what the summer brings?
Blest be all sudden kisses. And blest be The love that dies before satiety.

Charles Hanson Towne.

ANOTHER TRIAL OFFER

SALESMAN: This is our companionate piano.

CUSTOMER: Companionate?

SALESMAN: Sure. You try it two months and if you don't like it, don't keep it—provided there are no children.



THE GAUCHOS ARE HERE!

THOSE wild-riding, hard-hitting Four Horsemen of the Argentine are in this country for no good purpose. They actually plan to wrest from the aristocracy of Long Island the polo championship of the world. The slashing centaurs mean business and they are rough, tough, tearing scappers, if it is permissible to talk about polo players in that uncouth fashion.

To begin with, the Four Horsemen are really five in number, which won't come as a terrific shock to those who remember that the Three Musketeers were really four in number, no matter how quickly you counted them. But even if there are five full-grown horsemen in the polo patrol from the pampas, only four of them are allowed to attack at a time. That's the first rule in polo. No; it's the second rule. The first rule is that each player must have a horse.

This series is set down as a tournament for the "championship of the Americas," but they might as well call it the world's championship, for that's what it amounts to. England was beaten off by our Big Four last year. If the rousing and riotous riders from South America defeat Tommy Hitchcock & Co., who is there to challenge their right to supremacy on the polo

field? Incidentally, this is the first formal international match the United States ever has played against any country other than England.

These Argentine chaps are great fellows. There's Juan B. Miles, who goes galloping across the field like a whole herd of buffaloes. There's Lewis Lacey, one of the four ten-goal men in the world and the only ten-goal man who doesn't owe allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. There's Jack Nelson, a great polo player and one of the richest men in all South America; the kind you read about in serial novels. On one of his ranches in the Argentine he has 10,000 head of cattle, 5,000 milch cows, 3,000 hogs and 250 polo mares. On such ranches as that they don't bother to count the chickens either before or after they are hatched. On another little place he has turf tennis courts, a private polo field and a palatial swimming pool in which the Prince of Wales took a dip while a visitor there several years ago.

Then there's Arthur Kenny, a little fellow who rides like a fury and hits like a wild man. He plays through the fiercest polo scrambles with a pince-nez in its proper place. Extraordinary! It recalls Sir

Gilbert Parker's monocled hero who was called a "a hell of a fellow with a pane of glass in his eye" by a horse doctor.

Finally there is Manuel Andrade, a native South American Indian—the others are of English or Irish blood—a real Firpo of the polo field. Huge, he is. Massive, with polo mounts to match. He speaks good broken English. Says "Yes" with great fluency to any question. Very hospitable except in the matter of giving goals to opposing teams. He is the spare man on the team, which once again proves that appearances are deceiving, for he doesn't look like a spare man at all.

It is said by those who claim to know a polo mount from a clothes-horse when the wind is northeast that the invaders have the finest collection of quadrupeds ever gathered for the purpose of annoying the polo players of this country. Real gauchos from the Argentine take care of the string. These gauchos (South American cowboys) are a caution with their flat, wide-brimmed hats, wide leather belts covered with medallions, and short black boots with gorgeously over-size white trousers running down into them. Indeed, the trousers look as though the tailor had made a mistake and fashioned

them to fit the horses—a sort of South American equivalent of plus-fours.

Much more could be said about the players, the gauchos and the grooms, but it's enough to know that this is a hard-riding troop from the last great cow country of the world, real horsemen and real horses. Our players were too rough for the polite Englishmen but the Centaurs from South America dote on that sort of thing. For breakneck pace and carefree clouting, watch the Polo Patrol from the Pampas swing into action. Camera!

John Kieran.

Who Said Golfers Weren't Superstitious?

"EVERY time Jim puts he has the caddie whistle and pound on the turf with a driver while his partner takes practice swings and carries on a conversation with the other members of the foursome."

"What's the idea?"

"To simulate the atmosphere of his office, where, amid the clatter of typewriters, the buzz of telephones, the babble of voices, the shrieks of automobile horns from the street below, and the rat-tat-tat of riveters on an adjacent structure, he has great success in rolling the ball across the rug and having it drop into the ash-tray that serves as a cup."

"Does it work?"

"No. He always misses."

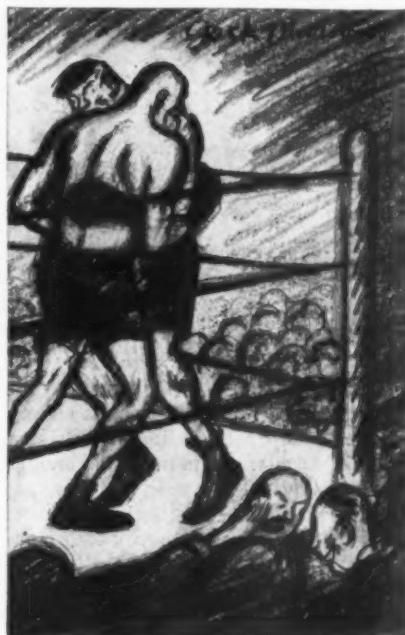
Bill Sykes.

What's in a Name?

THERE seems to be a growing tendency among motor-car manufacturers to name their automobiles after celebrated explorers. Cadillac, LaSalle, Hudson, De Soto (to name only a few—in fact, all there are) have in turn been immortalized by America's patriotic auto-builders. Magellan, Cortez, Balboa, Ponce de León, and Pizarro will have to wait for their reward until consumption overtakes production and there is a demand for new kinds of cars. This may happen any day now.

At the same time, the new Plymouth is undoubtedly a studied reference to our Pilgrim ancestry; the Pioneer summons up remembrance of early frontier days; the Pontiac is a belated attempt to give the redskin his just due, and the Moon serves to commemorate the West Virginia mountaineers. All of these cars are helping Americans to keep in mind their nation's origins and background.

Perhaps in the future our children will be taught their history by means of automobiles, in place of textbooks. Young Frederick (age 12), after smashing his father's car against a heavy truck, will ask: "What was that I hit?" "That, my child," the fond parent will reply, "was a Lewis and Clark." "Who were they, Daddy?" the boy will inquire; and Daddy, taking Frederick on his knee (with a hairbrush in one hand), will proceed to give his son the cardinal facts in



FIRST RINGSIDER (as the boxers hold): Not so hot, are they?

SECOND DITTO: No, there's only one John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

the lives of those celebrated explorers, probably getting them all wrong in the process.

Who shall say that this eventuality is preposterous? To paraphrase Shakespeare, it may some time be true that there will be "sermons in stones, books in the running Buicks."

Norman R. Jaffray.

POINTS OF INTEREST TO VISIT IN THE CITY

What City? Any City.

1. WASHINGTON PARK.
2. Inspiration Point.
3. Lookout Mountain.
4. Broadway.
5. The Civic Center.
6. Childs' Restaurant.
7. The Capitol Theater.
8. The War Memorial.
9. Lovers' Leap.
10. Woolworth's.
11. The New \$5,000,000.00 Airport.
12. Tony's.

Philip L. Ketchum.

A WORD AT PARTING

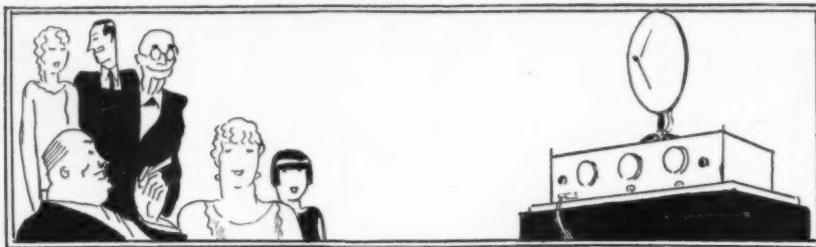
SERIOUS STUDENT: I want to say goodbye. I am starting tomorrow for my term at the Theological Seminary.

FRESH FRIEND: Well, so long. Be good.



"The producer's wild today; what's happened?"

"Some nut combined the cinema of 'The King of Kings' with the synchronization of 'What Price Glory!'"



THE RADIO

"Non-Partisan"

THE RADIO is one of the vestal virgins of our national life. The screen is another vestal. Newspapers, religious organizations and leagues of one thing and another may be swayed by passing passions, and boast about it, too. But let the radio or movies favor one cause above another and the outcry is something horrible. The old public is being sold down the river again.

And so we have those non-partisan speeches. Recently, over a New York station, Ogden L. Mills (one of the Republican martyrs who have run against Al Smith) made a non-partisan speech on the Presidential candidates. Mr. Mills described the state of this country at the end of Wilson's administration as being somewhat in the condition of Europe in the year 999. You never heard such a picture of desolation in your life. Wolves were prowling about the City of Washington, devouring Republican Congressmen who ventured forth after dark. After listening to Mr. Mills's non-partisan speech, you got the idea that if any other than Mr. Hoover is elected, we'll all be living in caves and feeding off roots and herbs within a year.

Mr. Mills's neutral outline of the political situation was followed by another unbiased talk by Walter Lippmann. Mr. Lippmann is editorial writer on the New York *World* and the *World* advocated Smith for president of the kindergarten class when Al was attending parochial school.

The radio also received Dr. John Roach Stratton's non-partisan sermon on Al Smith, which was surely a cold, logical analysis of the political situation, as dispassionate as one of Aimee Semple McPherson's philosophical outbursts in Los Angeles.

And all this brings up the point of radio censorship. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing. If a station gets beyond the bounds of law, order and decency, it can have its license revoked. Or if individual announcers or performers get vicious, they can be disciplined.

Al Jolson, for instance, was severely reprimanded because he made cracks reflecting on the morals and social habits of Clara Bow and Gloria Swanson, two estimable leaders of thought. The only time that Will Rogers ever got himself in wrong with the great, serious-minded public was when he delivered a harmless imitation of President Coolidge over the radio. Recently Jimmy Gallagher, a comic, threw New England into a fever by saying that "the maple syrup crop will be bad this year, because the Vermont sap

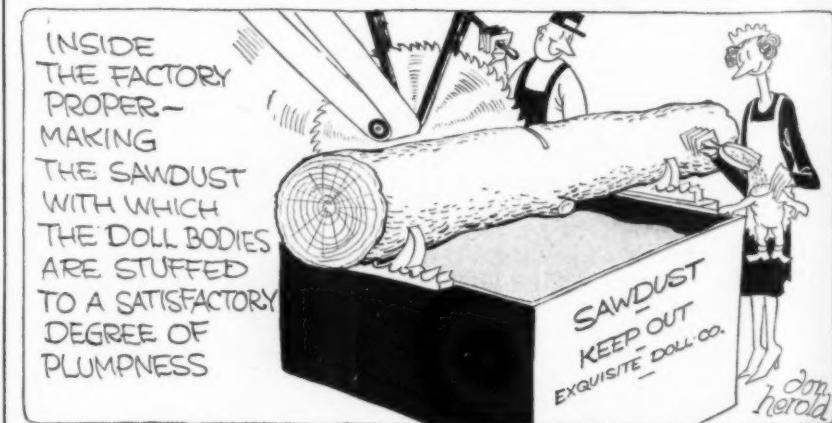
doesn't choose to run," and a religious station in New York was disciplined because it made mean remarks about the Pope.

You can't insult the Pope, Clara Bow or Coolidge and get away with it.

Radio stations, in most cases, demand that all material be submitted to them before the speaker goes on the air. But in the case of outside pick-ups of public events the station has no alternative but to take what comes along. It is at the mercy of Dr. Stratton or of any after-dinner speaker with a quart of Scotch and a lot of bright ideas about remaking the world.

Of course, "accidents" sometimes happen. Occasionally, when a speaker indicates that he is about to venture out on a patch of thin ice, his speech will suddenly be shut off and the station announcer will apologize profusely because "something has gone wrong with the pick-up."

Unfortunately, these "accidents" don't occur often enough. *Agnes Smith.*



BEHIND THE SCENES OF A GREAT INDUSTRY



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Portland, Ore.

EVEN this early in the campaign, there's a good deal of politics going around. Judge Charles Latourette, the well-known Democratic war horse, was heard to offer to bet Guy Webster Talbot \$30, and let Mr. Talbot take his choice of Hoover or Smith. No money was posted.

***Rear Admiral Thomas J. Senn was in our midst recently, and was handsomely mentioned at the Chamber of Commerce by President Frank L. Shull, who aroused cheers by saying there was no longer any doubt about who won the war.

• Dave Honeyman, well-known leading hardware merchant, whose ad. appears exclusively in this paper, says he hasn't made up his mind yet, but thinks he'll vote for Will Rogers if Will agrees to cut out the bunk about the bunkless platform.

***As an evidence of how rumor exaggerates, we point to a paragraph which said that a number of our leading jeunesse dorées had been severely ptomained by eating crawfish at the golf club. The story all grew out of the fact that Bill Wheeler got cramps by staying in the swimming pool too long.

Hugh Hume.

Montreal

THE LOCAL stock market and your corresp't took one on the nose the other aft.

***By the look of things around the corner of Peel and St. Catherine Sts. some fashion expert south of the line separating the Eighteenth Amendm't from the Dominion of Canada must have declared golf pants the smart attire for buying liquor in.

• Brian Devlin, our local columnist and golf writer is about to commit matrimony with a girl from a place known as, we believe, Ottawa.

***The inside story of the reported attack on Howie Morenz, the pretty fair hockey player, by lightning while playing golf at Forest Hills rec'tly is that he was bodychecked by Sprague Cleghorn when about to drive from the tee, the lightning gag merely being an invention of the sub-

sidized press to cover up the scandal, they having been playing two-bit syndicates at the time.

***By the time this reaches print Edie Cornell will be ladies' champion at Knowlton, providing she can cure that slice and is good enough to beat Fred Monk's wife and one other in the order named.

Leslie Roberts.

Saratoga Springs

THE publishers of the Social Register and the editors of Who's Who in America report a quorum present at the Spa. the past week-end.

***The Kermit Roosevelts of Oyster Bay paid the Springs a brief visit recently, which, Ye Ed. hears, they enjoyed to the limit. Come again, Kerm.

• The Widener lads, George and Joe, have some smart bangtails in their stables, winning three heats in a row not so long ago.

***A number of New York's well-known columnists and Merry Andrews are taking in the sights of the Spa. these days. A conspicuous absentee is Franklin (Pooch) Adams (F.P.A.), who says he's so busy putting up a new silo on his old farm that he can't visit Saratoga this summer.

***Jack Pickford, brother of America's Sweetheart, and a well-known screen actor, is enjoying aquatic sports at Saratoga Lake.

Clarence H. Knapp.

Louisville

Mrs. A. T. HERT, vice-chairman of the Nat'l Rep. Com., is erecting a new domicile on the site of her old one, "Hurstbourne." It is to have a special room in which silver will be cleaned, of which Mrs. Hert has plenty, her guests not being of the kind that carry it off.

***The Owsley Browns have bought an abandoned rock quarry and converted it into a swimming pool, where all of their friends in the swim can get in the swim.

***Miss Jane Lewis Morton will be one of the fall brides, she having pledged her troth to George W. Norton, Jr. This wed-

ding will be a merger of two of the largest fortunes in the grand old Com'nwealth.

• Hundreds of our prom. cits. attended the conflagration of McCrory's 5 and 10-cent emporium, which was gutted.

***The Am. Tob. Co. branch of here is reported to have turned out several cartons of Lucky Strikes last wk.

***Grover Page, our popular cartoonist, has returned from his vacation, he having taken during it a course in spelling.

Raymond Daumont.

Boston

HAY fever is in season.

***Local oyster openers will start work promptly at midnight Friday, after a four months' vacation.

***Robert Benchley, LIFE's drama expert, sneaked out between the acts long enough to spend a week-end at Nantucket last week. (This column covers the Massachusetts coast with a spy glass.)

***The synchronized cinema has arrived in Boston and has caught on almost as well as synthetic gin.

***Labor Day will be observed here Monday. The Braves are getting ready to drop two games.

Neal O'Hara.

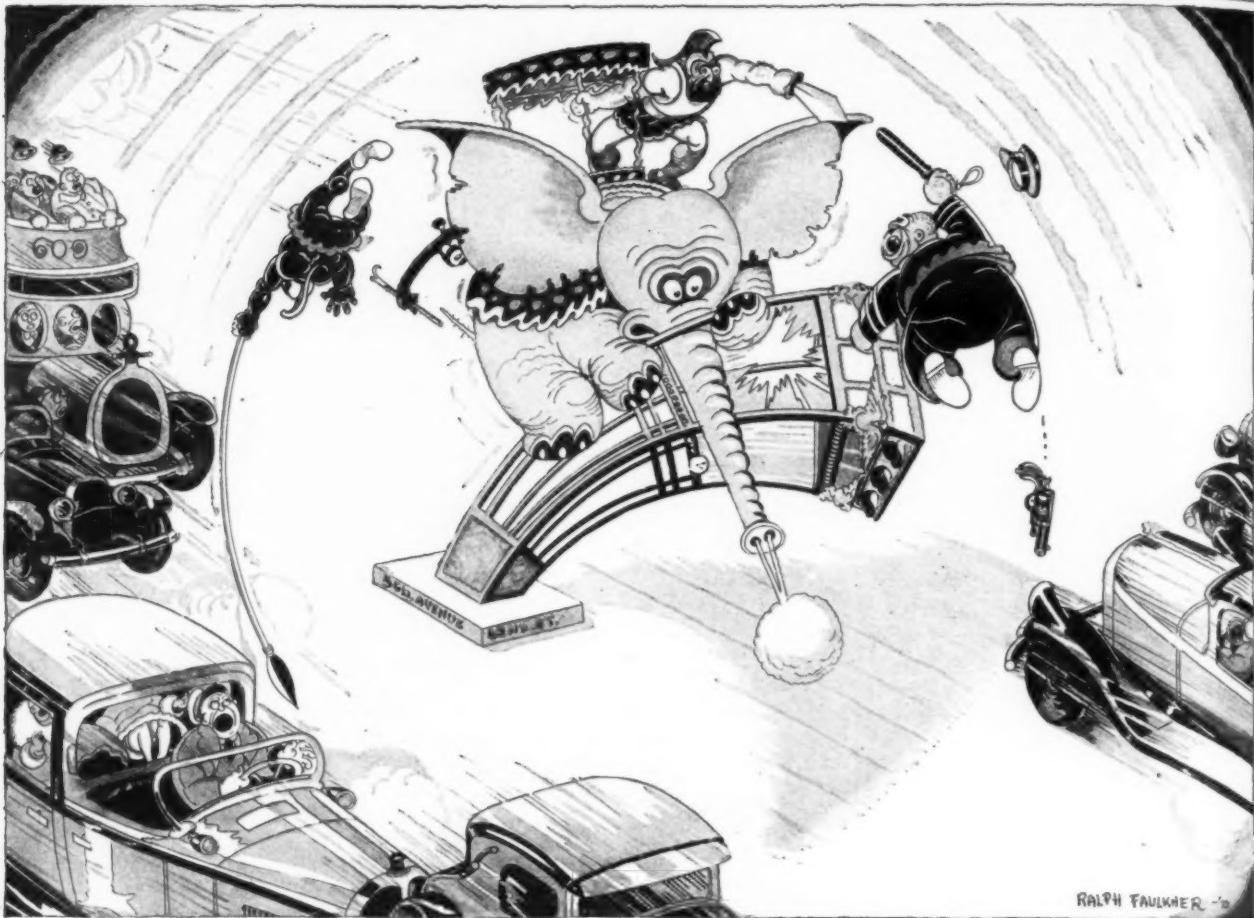
Houston

OUR esteemed fellow citizen J. W. Neal recently presented his Avondale street home to Rev. E. P. West. Rev. E. P. has lived in it two or three weeks now and ain't found out yet what's the matter with it.

• Little Edward Andrews is out of the hospital where he has been to have his tonsils removed. He has the appearance of having been promised something that didn't come up to his expectations.

***Bessie Heafer's husband had ordered him a new car with a rumble seat but since the news has come from Paris that skirts are to be made longer he has countermanded his order and is going to get another kind of car.

***School is going to take in about the middle of September and a good many



IT WAS NOT LIKE THIS IN THE OLDEN DAYS
Hannibal Crosses Fifth Avenue—Against the Traffic

of the mothers of boys are beginning to wash their faces once in a while so as to get them broke in for school. Some of the little devils are hard to catch.

Judd Mortimer Lewis.

New York

THE FUTURE sheepskin boys are beginning to don the moleskin.

***Quite an exodus from the summer resorts now and our two big depots are replete with baggage of returning vacationers, they bringing the little tots home for school.

***Rev. Stratton will preach Sunday.

***Senator Frelinghuysen's daughter Victoria will be married Fri. Sept. 7, the groom being John Bates, Jr., of Morristown. Victoria is a member of the Jr. league, that maybe being why she is going to marry a Jr.

***Charley Norris the writer writes from Saratoga, Calif., that he has had trouble

with his pelvis and gives us advice on what to do for our own. Out in California Chas. is known as the Pelvic Oracle.

***Looks like the Cubs would win the pennant, like we say every year.

***The campaign is waxing hot and heavy, principally the latter.

***The Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club will begin to hold its weekly discussions next Sat. eve. et seq.

***Central Park West is being torn up, also some other streets. A lot of the streets that are not torn up need paving.

***R. C. Benchley of Scarsdale spent last evening in N. Y. to go to the theater.

***More anon in next issue.

F. P. A.

Birmingham

NEIGHBORHOOD News wishes to make it known that B'ham is to have a new high-powered radio broadcasting station. Advertising in its way is all right, say we.

***Zac Smith, Jr., is now residing in Hollywood, our suburb that is competing with California.

***The Alabama Theater sure has a real box office attraction. She handles quite a few tickets and etc.

***James Saxon Childers, a book writer, is on his way around the world.

Robert H. Brown.

Chicago

MAYOR THOMPSON has been quite busy attending to his duties in the Wisconsin woods of late but it is expected he will take a short vacation at the city hall in the near future.

***Several haberdashers near the U. of C. are said to be preparing for the fall influx of students by discontinuing their lines of hats and sock supporters.

***Professor Henry J. Cox, our genial weather observer, is expected back from Europe shortly. Henry made quite a study

of the weather business over there, so we won't have to take a back seat for anybody when it comes to weather.

***Captain J. Russel Pickering, who owns a big circus in England, was in town Tuesday looking for some clowns. Unfortunately, the White Sox were not at home.
Asia Kagowan.

Los Angeles

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, now of here, has selected "Companionate Marriage" as the subject for his next lecture tour.

***The city council has created a new municipal office: "Official Gift-Receiver for Los Angeles." And to show that you can't beat the council when it comes to civic loyalty, they made it a full-time job.

***The Chamber of Commerce has come out with a cordial invitation to tourists to make a visit here.

***The fellow who names the Pullman cars is in Hollywood labeling the different talking films. He's thought up Movietone, Vitaphone, Firnatone, Photophone, Picture-phone and Vocabfilm so far.

♦ Statistics are sometimes startling. For instance, there are more ex-Iowans in Long Beach than Russian Counts in Hollywood.

Wm. J. Pringle, Jr.

Detroit

THE crime commission, formed to study and cure crime, has now settled down to work, Harvey Campbell says. Any one hearing of a crime in Detroit or vicinity is asked to notify Harvey at once.

***The taxicab drivers here are at war, and the situation grows more and more gloomy as day follows day and there are no casualties.

***P. S. Lovejoy who is starting wildlife sanctuaries out in the state was telling us to day that the English sparrow is dying off hereabouts. NEIGHBORHOOD News has always advocated this, but didn't expect success so soon.

♦ Dr. Carleton Fox, the ski-jumping D.D.S., pulled a tooth yesterday.

***Judge Jeffries came back from the lake, today showing a four-pound bass. It sure was a noble looking animal, the same being quite free from marks around the mouth. Did you catch it with a silver hook, Judge?

Elmer C. Adams.

Cincinnati

A NUMBER of citizens have returned from Eur. Some say they suffered from seasickness en route, some from *mal de mer*.

♦ Central Parkway will be dedicated soon and maybe renamed, some folks holding it should be named The Towpath, for auld lang syne, and other ones Exhaust Boulevard or Monoxide Mall.

****On dit* Father Francis Finn, D.D., our popular author of boys' books, intends to vote Democratic.

***Capt. Chris Greene has won a set of gilded antlers, his S. S. "Chris Greene" beating the S. S. "Betsy Ann" of Pittsburgh (Pa.) in a race from here to New Richmond (O.). Chris is the same Chris Greene who kicked the goal that gave ye



A PIONEER

"Yes, sir—my grandfather started bootlegging in this State when Prohibition was still in its infancy."

scribe's high school, Woodward, a victory over Hughes High back in 1918, which, by the way, was the year of the World War, only he has a mustache now. Congrats, Chris!

Tupper Greenwald.

A Simple Man

He was a simple man.

He had simple tastes.

He wanted a simple garden with a few simple flowers.

So he got a garden catalogue and ordered the following seeds:

- 2 pkts. DIMORPHOTHECA
- 3 pkts. NASTURTIUM
- 1 pkt. CHEIRANTHUS ALLIONI
- 1 pkt. SCHIZANTHUS
- 1 pkt. HUNNEMANNIA FUMARIFOLIA
- 1 pkt. IPOMEA SETOSA
- 4 pkts. ESCHSCHOLTZIA
- 2 pkts. LATHYRUS ODORATUS
- 1 pkt. CERASTIUM TOMENTOSUM
- 1 pkt. CAMPANULA PERSICIPOLIA

H. F. Mueller.

THE ELECTION BET

"My husband wants to bet me three to one that Hoover will be elected—what does that mean?"

"That means, dear, if Smith is elected, Hubby has to give you \$300.00, but if Hoover is elected, he only gives you \$100.00. It's all very simple."



SHE: Oh, I'm crazy to learn how to play polo. Won't you let me caddy for you?



THE SILENT DRAMA

Prophecy

In this department, last week, I suggested that the entry of such august corporations as the General Electric, Western Electric, Westinghouse Electric, Bell Telephone and Radio Corporation of America into the movie business provided a large platter of food for thought.

The great brains of these great organizations have lately evolved the Vitaphone, the Movietone, the Photophone and kindred talking picture devices. They have also brought close to perfection a method of broadcasting movies over the radio.

Perhaps this odd industrial activity has been inspired by a desire to rescue the movies from the economic morass in which they have lately been wallowing; perhaps the directors of the aforementioned corporations sent their inventors into the laboratory to invent in order that Adolph Zukor, Joseph M. Schenck, Carl Laemmle, William Fox, the Warner Brothers, Samuel Goldwyn and their various relations might continue to ride around in imported cars.

Or perhaps the directors, taking but scant interest in the welfare of the perforated celluloid industry, were thinking primarily about their own business.

The latter would appear to be the likelier hypothesis.

As one who predicted the prevalence of the talking movie before it was even invented, I venture to offer a few more prophecies, all of which are to be fulfilled within the next five years:

The movie industry will become no more than a subsidiary of the electric and radio industries, the chief function of the film people being to manufacture talking pictures to be distributed over the air.

When a new Chaplin comedy (for instance) is completed, it will not go direct to the first-run theaters; it will be broadcast over a huge chain of radio stations, and the bill for that broadcast will be paid by some opulent advertiser. Later, the picture will be broadcast locally by smaller stations.

Attendance at movie theaters will fall off to such an enormous extent that the majority of these theaters will be converted into clothing stores, cafeterias, filling stations or high-class speakeasies.

As a result of all this, the so-called

spoken drama will enjoy a measure of prosperity. The demand for big musical revues and for good plays will be greater than ever, particularly in New York, where tourists will have the unique opportunity of seeing actors and actresses in the flesh.

THE CONDITION as outlined above will last until such time as the sale of radio television sets has reached and passed the good old saturation point. Then the directors of the General Electric, the Western Electric, the Westinghouse Electric, the Bell Telephone and the Radio Corporation of America will have to instruct their inventors to go back into the laboratory and invent something else.

"The Scarlet Lady"

LEAPING abruptly from the future to the past, we encounter a photodrama entitled, "The Scarlet Lady." I should guess that this picture was made some time in 1913, except that it includes several news-reel views of the Bolshevik uprising; these indicate that it couldn't have been made earlier than 1917, although its plot and

the quality of its acting must have seemed pretty laughable even then.

Lya de Putti appears as a revolutionist, and Don Alvarado is the Prince whom she seduces, then betrays, then rescues and ultimately weds. Miss de Putti and Mr. Alvarado give fairly faithful imitations of the acting styles of Bessie Barriscale and Carlyle Blackwell. That excellent actor, Warner Oland, gives an exact imitation of himself as he was when he played the arch-villain in the serial, "Patria."

Otto Mathiesen, in a minor rôle, appears to be the only individual connected with "The Scarlet Lady" who has heard that the movies have graduated from their infancy.

R. E. Sherwood.

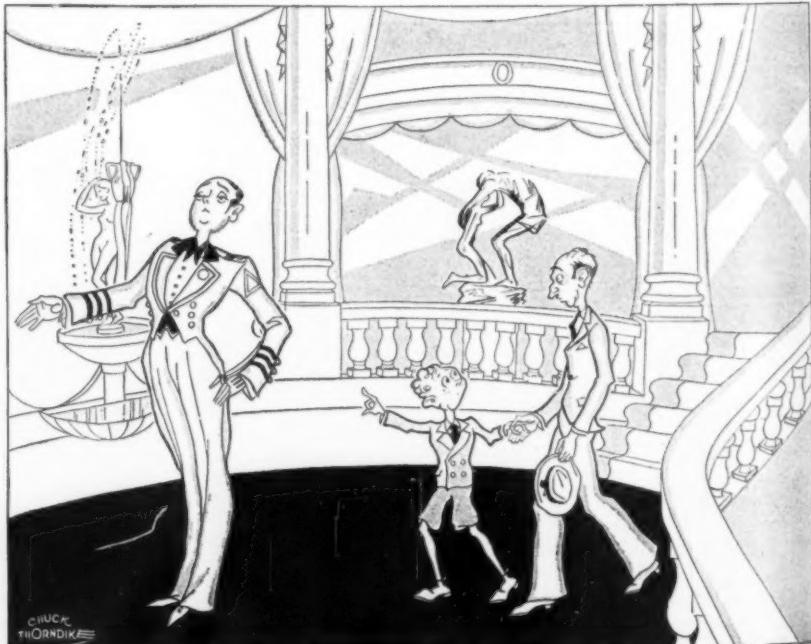
Recent Developments, a guide to current moving pictures, will be found on the second page following.

WELL, WHY NOT?

"FRIENDS of radioland: This is Station ZXWQ, on board the whaling schooner 'Lizzie Jones.' We have just sighted forty-five whales and will now broadcast a blow-by-blow account of the big fight."

"WHY do you complain so of your luck? You're in clover now."

"Yes, and the damned stuff always gives me hay-fever!"



"Dad, kin I be one of them when I grow up?"

"Well, that depends on how you behave when you go to college."

RHYMED REVIEWS

Death Comes for the Archbishop

By Willa Cather.

Alfred A. Knopf.

Our bishop, Jean Marie Latour,
With Père Vaillant as f. Achates,
To regions vast, remote, obscure
Removed his lares and penates.

To Santa Fe in '51
He rode as Vicar Apostolic,
His diocese a realm of sun
And canyons deep and diabolic.

He made his way through mountain
snows

And all the desert's thaumaturgy
Among the stately Navajos,
Among his somewhat rowdy clergy.

He learned the trails of plain and height;
He knew that pearl of scouts, Kit Car-
son,

And scoundrels yellow, red and white,
Adept in murder, theft and arson.

A friend and healer, quick to aid
The sad or sinful, high and lowly,
For many years he toiled and prayed
To make men true, to make lives holy.

For many years he labored where
The peaks glow redly, sunset-gilded,
Before he slept within the fair
Cathedral that his faith had builded.

The book is rich in herds and flocks,
Mimosas, Mexican rancheros,
Pueblos, mesas, tawny rocks,
Rebosos, bandas, big sombreros.

And readers needn't know as much
About the cloth as Willa Cather
To love her bishop more than such
A grim old bird as Cotton Mather.

Arthur Guiterman.

A Drug Clerk Becomes a Society
Editor

AMONG those present was Mrs. Herman Dingle in a fetching frock of gly-
thomoline pink velvet.

Miss Hortense Dingle's gown was of
bromo-seltzer blue taffeta.

Mrs. Pfeffer's henna hair was set off
to striking advantage by a Patou model
of cuticura green.

Mrs. Henry Rockingham Jones wore an
evening coat of milk of magnesia white
lameé, with a mercurochrome satin lining
and a dilute bichloride of mercury blue
fox collar.

Mrs. Clark W. Clark appeared in a net
gown of palmolive green georgette with a
scarf of colgate's toothpaste pink.

Mrs. Brown wore listerine voile.

Mrs. Oliver Klopf attracted much atten-
tion in a charming Paquin model of
potassium permanganate (1% solution)-
purple crêpe de chine.

Bogart Rogers.

Heartburn?
?Beeman's
Pepsin Gum
aids digestion

A flavor that is refreshing and a
fine quality that has been main-
tained for more than thirty years
have made Beeman's the choice of
discriminating people. Chew it
after meals. It aids digestion.

To
PARIS & ITALY
Marseilles, Vienna, Trieste,
Italy and Central Europe

For a change—try this de luxe
Southern Service to Paris, via Mar-
seilles. World's fastest motor-ships
to Paris, Vienna, Trieste, Rome,
the Riviera and Central Europe.
The last word in luxurious accom-
modations and cuisine. Motor ferry
service—drive on here, drive off at
destination—no crating or packing;
surprisingly economical rates. Send
for brochure of interiors, descrip-
tions, rates, and sailing dates.

Any Steamship Agent, or Direct to
PHELPS & CO., General Agents

Cosulich Line

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Sail on World's Fastest Motor Ships

SATURNIA VULCANIA

24000 Gross Tons—
No Smoke or Cinders

PRESIDENTE WILSON

Famous for Her Superior Service to Italy

Dance
round the World
on the
BELGENLAND

Largest, finest liner
ever to circle the globe

Dance? Yes!

After all, the Belgenland is nothing
if not a floating country club—and
dancing is worth while when it's
"music by Ben Bernie." This interna-
tionally famous master of syncopation
will choose from his many
artists the orchestra which will
furnish the dance music 'round the
world on the Belgenland.

A small item on a world cruise, per-
haps, but typical of many outstand-
ing features of this cruise. Our
attractive literature describes them
all. Do send for it.

Sailing westward Dec. 17 to 84
cities. 135 days. Rates from \$1750,
everything included.

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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY
in cooperation with
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

Red Star Line, No. 1 Broadway; American
Express Company, 65 Broadway, New York,
or other offices or agencies of either company.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

More or Less Serious

Caravan. *Klaw*—A melodrama, with George Marion, Kate Mayhew and others. To be reviewed later.

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott's*—Last week of this particular triumph of Helen Hayes—that is, the last week on Broadway.

Diamond Lil. *Royale*—Honky-tonk melodrama about bad old New York, with Mae West acting very tough.

Elmer Gantry. *Playhouse*—Reviewed in this issue.

Gang War. *Morosco*—A play by Willard Mack, with Anne Forrest and others. To be reviewed next week.

Guns. *Wallack's*—The first and, so far, the noisiest gangster play of the season.

The Ladder. *Cort*—There is a rumor that the backer of this show has cabled from Europe to bring the run to close. He probably wants to float the Pompeii Telephone Co.

The Silent House. *Shubert*—Still a pretty good heebie-jeeby drama.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—A five-hour peek into the soul of Cosmic Woman. Could have been done in three, but seems to be doing very well as it is. Judith Anderson is the Woman.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *Sam H. Harris*—This long-lived melodrama is moving soon to the Century, besides riding off in all directions on the road.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bachelor Father. *Belasco*—The problem of the unmarried father whose chicks all come home to roost. A pleasant evening, thanks to June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr.

The Big Pond. *Bijou*—A play by George Middleton and A. E. Thomas, with Kenneth MacKenna, Doris Rankin and others. To be reviewed next week.

Eva the Fifth. *Little*—By Kenyon Nicholson and John Golden, with Claiborne Foster. To be reviewed later.

The Front Page. *Times Square*—Reviewed in this issue.

Gentlemen of the Press. *Henry Miller's*—Newspaper comedy by Ward Morehouse, with John Cromwell, Helen Flint, Russel Crouse and others. To be reviewed next week.

Heavy Traffic. *Empire*—By Arthur Richman, with Mary Boland and Reginald Mason. Opens September 5th. To be reviewed later.

He Understood Women. *Belmont*—With Hilda Spong, Peggy Allenby and others. To be reviewed next week.

The Phantom Lover. *Forty-Ninth St.*—A play from the German, with Edith Barrett, Romney Brent and others. Opens September 5th. To be reviewed later.

Potiphar's Wife. *Craig*—A play by Edgar Middleton. Opens September 5th. To be reviewed later.

Relations. *Masque*—A comedy by Edward Clark, with the author, Barbara Brown, Horace Brahams and others. To be reviewed next week.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—Perhaps in all these new comedies there will be one to beat this, but we doubt it.

Skidding. *Bayes*—Not much one way or the other. Just a home comedy.

The Song Writer. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Volpone. *Guild*—There ought to be something more worth-while than this by now. It is pretty Renaissance.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1928. *Lively*—Colored revue which gives them all a run for their money.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—This little old last year's musical version of Mark Twain's story has enough good music and good kidding to keep in the list.

Good Boy. *Hammerstein's*—With Eddie Buzzell, Barbara Newberry, Charles Butterworth, Hal Sherman and others. Opens September 5th. To be reviewed later.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—You probably have seen this anyway.

Grand Street Follies. *Booth*—Containing some superlatively good imitations of Broadway stars.

Present Arms. *Mansfield*—Charles King and Joyce Barbour in a nicely musicalized account of life among our brave boys in the tropics.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—When Joe Cook is on you couldn't laugh harder.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—Jack Donahue and Marilyn Miller in a highly spectacular West Point. Mr. Donahue's comedy is worth seeing.

Scandals of 1928. *Apollo*—Mr. White should have no trouble in holding the lead with Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—More or less in a class by itself as musical comedy. Charles Winniger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White and Norma Terris.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—Very satisfactory romantic operetta, with Dennis King as the fourth musketeer.

Vanities of 1928. *Earl Carroll*—A combination of very funny comedy from W. C. Fields, Joe Frisco, Ray Dooley and her brother Gordon, with quite a bit of dirt, quite a lot of girls and other things in a descending scale.

Robert Benchley.

Silent Drama

Recent Developments

The Mysterious Lady. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Greta Garbo as a Russian spy who falls in love with the young Austrian officer whose papers she has been sent to get. I found this extremely enjoyable.

The Perfect Crime. *F. B. O.*—A talking picture in which the sound doesn't always match up with the action—but it's exciting, nevertheless.

Lilac Time. *First National*—It isn't so much that everything in this Colleen Moore war epic has been done before; the trouble is that it was all done much better the first time.

White Shadows in the South Seas. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Many scenes of native Kanaka life that are worthy of the maker of "Moana." Some Hollywood melodrama is mixed in, with good performances by Raquel Torres and Monte Blue.

Lost in the Arctic. *Fox*—An interesting picture of a voyage of exploration, with views of polar bears, walruses and ice-packs, and a lot of extraneous sound.

Beau Broadway. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Here is one movie that you can miss and never know the difference.

Warming Up. *Paramount*—Richard Dix as a star pitcher who pulls himself together in time to win the World Series. There's a phony sound accompaniment on this one, too.

Forbidden Hours. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Lukewarm romance in and about a royal palace, with Ramón Novarro and René Adorée chasing each other hither and yon, to and fro and vice versa.

Lights of New York. *Warner Bros.*—The first full length talking picture; worth seeing in spite of its acting and its plot.

Telling the World. *Metro-Goldwyn*—As a newspaper reporter who follows his sweetheart to China, William Haines continues to be the same irrepressible but likable pest.

The Lion and the Mouse. *Warner Bros.*—A sprinkling of spoken dialogue in an old-fashioned drama.

Wheel of Chance. *First National*—Fine work by the fading Richard Barthelmess.

The Cossacks. *Metro-Goldwyn*—I doubt that John Gilbert is particularly proud of his participation in this.

Fazil, Fox—The story starts when the beautiful blonde marries the handsome sheik, and then the situation becomes so impossible that there's nothing left for either of them but death.

Hit of the Show. *F. B. O.*—Another broken-hearted clown, portrayed with considerable feeling by Joe E. Brown.

The Trail of '98. *Metro-Goldwyn*—An epic which would have been much more popular if its creators hadn't tried so hard to give it a box-office punch.

Street Angel. *Fox*—A dull love story, involving Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Universal*—"You may own mah body, Mista Legree, but mah soul belongs to Carl Laemmle."

The Racket. *Paramount*; **The Man Who Laughs.** *Universal*; **The End of St. Petersburg.** *Hammerstein*; **Tempest.** *United Artists*; **Sunrise.** *Fox*, and **Wings.** *Paramount*—These are recommended.

The Scarlet Lady. *Columbia*—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Fact

Tolstoy. By Henry Bailey Stevens. *Crowell*—A play in seven scenes based on the life of the Russian novelist. Best appreciated by those familiar with his works.

Adventures of an African Slave. Edited by Malcolm Cowley. *Albert & Charles Boni*—Captain Canot was always in some sort of scrape; if it wasn't a shipwreck or a mutiny, it was a pirate attack or a raid on a village. A vigorous, exciting book, vigorously illustrated by Covarrubias. Really, the niggers were far better off chained up in the hold of Theodore Canot's ship than amid the dangers of Africa.

Fiction

The Figured Flame. By Jane Darrow. *Century*—How a young girl's artistic yearnings were stifled by her mother—the sort of mother whose head was simply splitting whenever she was confronted with reality. Recommended for its excellent portrait of the prudish nineties.

Twopence Coloured. By Patrick Hamilton. *Little, Brown*—In spite of an artificial, and often annoying, use of Capital Letters ("you were not likely to Succeed upon the Stage unless you Carried On with the Manager"), this novel of stage life is a fine and sympathetic piece of work.

Leave Me with a Smile. By Elliot White Springs. *Doubleday, Doran*—Not the newest book on the list, this story of a war hero's reconstruction days is one of the best.

Diversey. By MacKinlay Kantor. *Coward-McCann*—Preposterous, crude, overambitious, this attempted saga of Chicago is yet worthy of your attention if only for its occasional flashes of real genius.

Phoinix. By Alan Sims. *Little, Brown*—When Menelaos entered Troy, Helen was nowhere to be found. So says Phoinix, companion of Achilles, and he should know, for he was there. To read this classical fantasy is to meet again the Grecian heroes, the children of the gods.

Show Girl. By J. P. McEvoy. *Simon & Schuster*—A gay and gaudy burlesque of Broadway composed in the jazz manner, of tabloid clippings, opening-night telegrams, and greeting-card sentiments, salted with wisecracks and peppered with sex. Recommended to parishioners of Dr. Winchell.

Swan Song. By John Galaworthy. *Scribner's*—Followers of the *Fitzgeralds* will read it anyway. And although it puts an end to that famous family, it may serve to others as an introduction.

Jerome; or, The Latitude of Love. By Maurice Bedel. *Viking*—Literary lingerie: light, intimate, and full of what led Adam to eat the apple.

Perry Githens.

Song and Dance

Sheets

Yasha Michaeloffsky's Melody. Irving Berlin's broadest-newest, glorifying a Russian song-writer: "But with all his wealth and fame, Yasha hasn't changed his name; You can tell who wrote the music. On the Copy stands the name of Yasha Michaeloffsky."

Anything You Say. Not to be confused with "What D'Ya Say?" of the De Sylva, Brown and Henderson score in the new Geo. White's "Scandals." This is a Walter Donaldson song, one of the "big 8" with which he recently started in the publishing business on his own.

(Continued on next page)

Play the SILVER KING



"Look at Paul Davis redesigning the 4th hole. Zowie, he's moved that bunker twenty feet—digging his ball out with that spade mashie of his."

"The Foundation Company ought to make him an offer. He's wasting his time in the advertising business. One whiff of his mashie and it takes nature six months to catch up! I think the Green Committee ought to pass a law that he can't use anything but Silver Kings!"

"What! Let a born mole-killer loose at the best ball made?"

"Certainly. Why not? I've seen the King do wonders for many a man's game. It gives him confidence—he goes at it easily. He doesn't press for he knows the Silver King gets the distance. Golfing poise comes from confidence and to play the best ball made is one of the finest pieces of golfing psychology there is."

Silver King—
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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JOHN WANAMAKER
NEW YORK

Wholesale Golf Distributors

Confidential Guide

I Tore Up Your Picture When You Said Goodbye
(But I've Put It Together Again)—Of the "Curse of an Aching Heart" genus.

Memories of France—Sentimental post-war waltzes ballad harking back a decade to a Latin Quarter romance.

Old Man Sunshine (Little Boy Bluebird)—Another philosophical ballad which concludes with the prayer, "Old Man Sunshine, Little Boy Bluebird, bring a smile to melancholy me," which is in contrast with

Lonely Little Bluebird—With its chorus summation, "Sing a song for lonely me." Both quite worth-while.

Records

The Sidewalks of New York and In the Good Old Summer Time—Regardless of Will Rogers' bungled plank, these ever-popular waltzes which have been re-recorded Orthophonically on Victor 21493 are marked by political significance. Nat Shilkret wielded the baton.

I Ain't Got Nobody and A Good Man Is Hard to Find—The Ted Lewis fans will approve these indigo numbers as revived by the tragedian of jazz who does the incidental singing as well as musical conducting (Columbia 1428).

Don't Keep Me in the Dark, Bright Eyes and I Can't Give You Anything but Love—Vocal couplet by Seger Ellis, sympathetic confidential tenor à la Gene Austin, interprets this sequel to "Brown Eyes, Why Are You Blue?" The "love" song is from the "Blackbirds" revue (Okeh 41077).

Phi Delta Theta Dream Girl and Dear Old Girl of Delta Sigma Phi—Since "Dream Girl of Sigma Chi" and other frat numbers became waltz favorites generally, Jas Garber, who has a loyal collegiate following, has resurrected two more engaging campus waltzes.

Blue Danube and Wedding Dance—Immortal waltzes by Johann Strauss and Paul Lincke on Victor 12-inch disk by Nathaniel Shilkret's International Concert Orchestra. Novelty scored for an odd instrumentation including two pianos, pipe organ, reeds and banjo, among the conventional brass fanfare they serve the dual purpose of dance and concert recordings excellently.

Today Is Today and Chilly Pom-Pom-Pee—Jimmy Joy, jazz maestro from the Muehlebach Hotel, Kansas City, produces smooth, dance-inspiring fox-trots on Brunswick 3967.

Abel Green.

THE POWER OF WORDS

It was a hot night, but I was in good spirits after a pleasant evening. I hailed a passing taxi and we spun along at a merry rate—15-and-5, as a matter of fact.

Suddenly a sawed-off Ford pulled up alongside.

"Pull over there, and be quick about it!" yelled the cop. "What's the idea, driving fifty miles an hour, runnin' past the lights, racing down hill and endangering cars and pedestrians?"

My taxi driver sat without saying a word.

"Come on out here, where I can look you over," ordered the officer.

Our climbed the driver, without a protest.

"Oh! Yeh! I see! You're just one of them fresh young kids that has no business driving any kind of a car. Why don't you say something? What excuse you got? Let's see your license!"

Nervously, and still without a word, my driver showed his credentials.

Then the cop burst forth into the most eloquent tirade I have ever heard. He accused the poor cab driver of just about every traffic violation on the card.

Finally, however, the cop went chugging away, and the taxi driver climbed back into his seat.

As he pulled up in front of my apartment house I jumped out and handed him the fare.

"Well," I said, sympathetically, "did he give you a ticket?"

"Hell, no!" snorted the driver contemptuously. "I talked him out of it!"

—Karl K. Kitchen, in *New York Evening World*.

If, as reported, Colonel Lindbergh seeks oblivion, he might try flying across an ocean with a lady passenger.—*Macon Telegraph*.



*that
first smoke
in the
morning*

Is THAT first smoke ever something of an experiment? It shouldn't be—not if your mouth is healthy and free from that woolly, tepid taste.

Before that first smoke, tone up your mouth with Squibb's Dental Cream. It neutralizes acids and soothes the gums. Above all, it leaves tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia in your mouth that help to keep your smoking taste lively and pleasant.

Use Squibb's in the evening, too, after smoking. The fresh cleanliness of your mouth the next morning will delight you.

Guard The Danger Line



Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Cook (applying for situation): Besides them references, ma'am, perhaps you'd like to see the photos I've ad took eight times on one of them new machines. From the top down, I've registered Fear, 'Ope, Joy, Disdain, Anger, Old-Fashioned, Terror, and Sarcastic like.

—LONDON OPINION.



"How old are you, my little man?"
"I don't know. Mother was twenty-six when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four."
—EXCELSIOR (MEXICO CITY).

SUMMER HYPOCRISY

We have a more or less vague suspicion that there are times when the question, "When are you going on your vacation?" really gives the questioner a delightful respite to which to look forward.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

OUR INFANTILE ICONOCLASTS

From a school girl's essay on "The Stage":
"As well as real actors and actresses there are those we go to see for charity. These are called immature."—*Punch*.

NOSTALGIA

HEREWITH the whole of an affectionate letter written after the lapse of a week by a boy in camp who, the old folks feared, might be suffering from homesickness:

"DEAR DAD: This is one of the rest periods when you are supposed to rest and write letters home. This is one of the letters. I would probably not have written so soon, but to get into the dining room tonight I have to have written a letter home. It is about dinner time, now, so must close. Your son, Bill."—*Detroit News*.

INEVITABLE

FRIEND (eyeing very luxurious car): But you don't mean to tell me that you bought it just to satisfy a whim of your wife's?

THE OTHER (sadly): Ah, you don't know her, old man. She's got a whim of iron.

—Humorist (London).

SMACK!
THE VOGUE of talking movies is responsible for an odd sign in front of a theater:

"A KISS IN THE DARK WITH SOUND EFFECTS."
—Youngstown Telegram.

"WHAT measures would have to be taken to repeal the Volstead Act?"
"Heroic."—*Stanford Chaparral*.

Add similes: "As magnetic as a sunburned back."—*New York Evening Post*.

WHY THE GUEST DEPARTED

"My guest has gone home," the colored maid announced to her mistress the other morning.

"Is that so? I thought she was going to stay all summer."

"Yes'm, she was," was the reply, "but I tol' er I had rented her room. I jes' couldn't stand her face bearin' down on me no longer."

—Junction City (Kan.) Union.

THE FRENCH gentleman who said Americans are drunk with wealth is mistaken. Over here it's the prices that stagger.

—Baltimore Evening Sun.



"Oh, Grandpa! But I pulled the trigger just as quietly as I could so as not to wake you up."—LE RIRE (PARIS).

"SUCH IS LIFE"

"Such is life!" the young man cries,
Who has yet to know it.
"Such is life!" the old man sighs,
When about to blow it.

Life is but "a fleeting show,"
In Tom Moore's conclusion;
Life is but a vale of woe,
Given for man's illusion.

But 'tis not a fleeting show;
It is deeper, denser.
Would you really like to know?
Hark to Herbert Spencer:

"Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences."

Such is life! When overwrought,
Meditate upon it.
Memorize that golden thought;
Paste it in your bonnet.
*From "A Penny Whistle," by
Bert Leston Taylor (Knopf).*

THE PALMY DAYS

BROADWAY plays are to take the road as talking movies. Ultimately you will encounter the Broadway actor who will boast that his voice toured the country with Barrymore.—*New York Sun*.



CLERGYMAN: *I pronounce you man and wife—the ring, please.*
CONJURER (reaching in his pocket and pulling out a rabbit): *Gosh! the wrong act.*
—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY (LONDON).

MAKING IT EASIER

OUR idea of the height of laconic expression is embodied in a sign that hangs over the entrance to one of Tijuana's thriving "joints":

"COME IN. YOU WON'T BE HURT AND BARELY NOTICED."—U. S. SS. "Mississippi" Bulletin.

POETIC PARTNERSHIP

ONE of my vacationing contribs sends me a sign which he observed while touring through Wisconsin. The sign reads:

NOTTIN & BUTTON
Florists

It is not particularly remarkable—or it wasn't until it reminded me hauntingly of some poem or other. After a good deal of contemplation, the quotation revealed itself to me:

"Tell me Nottin mournful numbers
Life is Button empty dream!"
—Ted Robinson, in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**UNUSUAL**

"Miss WOMBAT, daughter of Mrs. Willaby Wombat—" The society editor sat up at this. "We'll make a front-page story of it. Here's a New York society girl of the same name as her mother."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamp. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FOUR o'clock in the morning is that period of otherwise solemn stillness when the milkman's horse sounds like the last act of "Ben-Hur."—*Detroit News*.

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White teeth deceive 4 out of 5 BECAUSE . . .

teeth are only as healthy as the gums

SO many people think they are secure when teeth are gleaming white. But too often they surrender to a disease of neglect—Pyorrhea.

Lurking behind clean teeth is this marauder that takes high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger. It ignores the teeth and attacks the gums.

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. And start using the dentifrice that cleans teeth without the use of harsh abrasives and at the same time helps keep the gums firm and healthy. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Morning and night, every day, use Forhan's for the Gums. Massage your gums daily with this dentifrice, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Then you provide the protection teeth and gums must have. At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c. Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



Always popular—Welch's with cracked ice or ginger ale or sparkling water.

For the Porch Party

Part of the pleasure of serving Welch's Grape Juice is the knowledge that it's so healthful as well as so refreshing.

Just like the fresh fruit, Welch's supplies mineral salts, fruit nourishment, and vitamines that help to keep your body in order. For it is the rich pure juice of fresh Concord grapes.

Only the very finest Concord grapes in each year's vintage are pressed for Welch's. That is why it tastes so much better than any other grape juice, whether you drink it straight, blended or diluted.

It's a fine fruit juice for children, and, luckily, they like it as well as grown ups. Recipes, including the always-popular Welch Punch, are printed on every label.

Free—Ideas for Summer Drinks. Mail a postcard to The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N.Y., L-92. In Canada, St. Catharines, Ontario.

WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's
no other grape juice will do

LIFE's Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 5)

boy of the slums who is in peril? There is such a boy. A real, living, needy and desperate youngster.

He is surrounded by poverty. He is unhappy and restless from his imprisonment among the horrible tenement streets and alleys. He is nervous and white and weak from the sweltering heat that has lately laid so cruel a hand upon almost the whole country—and nowhere has it been laid so cruelly as in the breathless, dark rooms that the city poor call homes.

He is in just the condition to be the prey of evil associations or the victim of any disease that may attack him.

And only a few brief days yet remain before he will be expected to report once more at school and take up his work for another year. The country will expect him to do good work. It will expect him to be a good boy. It will expect him ultimately to turn out to be a worthwhile citizen.

You will expect all this of him.

Let's think it over.

The truth is, this boy is in peril. His whole future life lies, in a way, in our hands.

To the rescue!

Who'll be the first to send us twenty dollars (\$20) so that we can take this boy and send him to LIFE's Camp for Needy Children at Pottersville, New Jersey, for eighteen days?

Who will send us twenty dollars so we can do this before the Camp closes for the season; so that we can feed him up well, give him extra rations of rich milk, make him sleep in the open air, swim in the delicious brook, take long, health-giving walks, learn scout lore and scout rules of health and play, and be watched over intelligently and humanely and set on the right path for the coming winter?

Who will save this boy and more boys like him?

Twenty dollars (\$20) pays for one child at LIFE's Camp for Boys or LIFE's Camp for Girls for eighteen glorious days. If, now that time is getting so short and the need becoming so desperate, you could spare us enough for two or three children, that would be marvelous, but—and don't make any mistake about this—we shall be as grateful if you can only spare us five dollars. We need every penny we can get. Money is the only thing that can provide such life-saving holidays for these needy little ones. Checks should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to us at 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

L. A. F.

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Nor do they starve

Look about in any circle. Note how slenderness prevails. People gain fat, just as always, but they don't stay fat. They correct the abnormal condition.

Some years ago science discovered a cause of excess fat. It lies in an under-active gland which largely controls nutrition. After thousands of experiments on animals, a way was found to combat that deficiency. Physicians the world over now employ it in obesity.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Year by year the use has grown as users told others the results. Now people see them wherever they look. Slender figures which once were fat. Active people who once were sluggish. Be wise enough to follow their example.

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Go try the method which has done so much. Marmola could not hold its high place for 20 years without doing what you want done. And doing that in a right and helpful way. Follow the example of the folks you envy. Start today.

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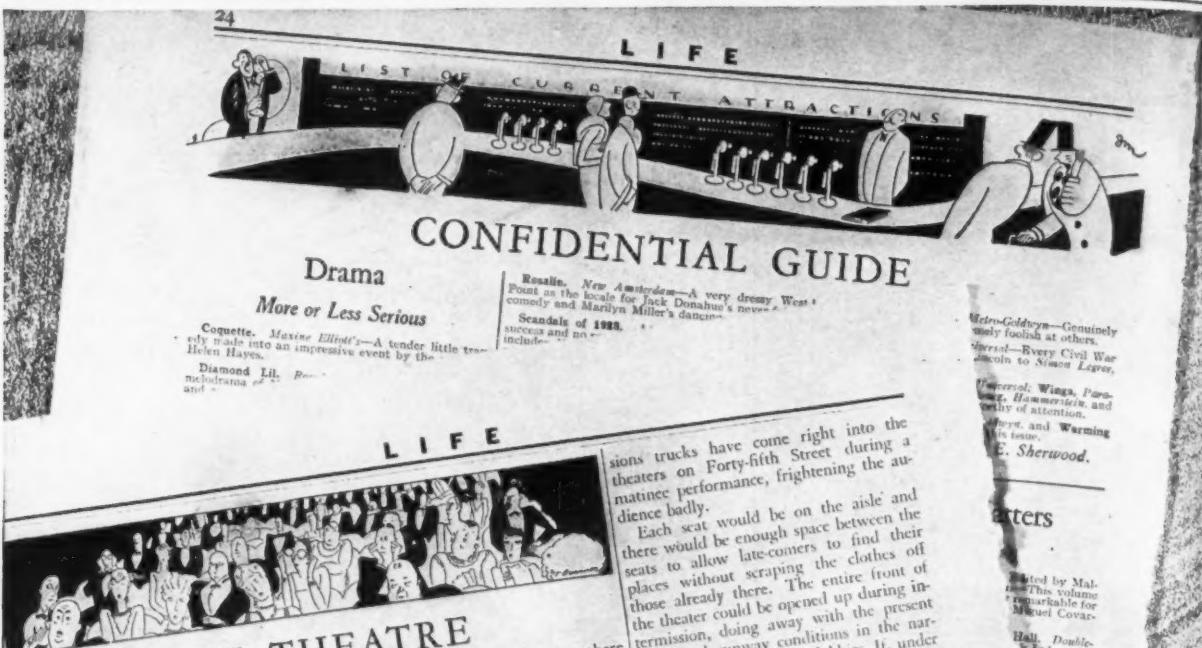
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THE THEATRE

Memo to Mr. Davis

Memo to [redacted]
It BEGINS to look as if this department were to be confronted with another crisis almost of the proportions of the one precipitated by "Abie's Irish Rose." If Mr. Davis keeps "The Ladder" running much longer, something will have to be done. We may have to drive it out of town as we did "Abie."

The trouble is
n't such a ter-
rible thing as
we would v-
have been mu-
made more mu-
tual to it is that it
years ago in "which, by the
version (as of
some of its p-
and the pre-
romantic me-
eting, if old
Miss Carroll
is better th-
class, and,
thing to ki-
weapon w-
the heart.

With the advent of the new season, Mr. Benchley prepares again to sacrifice himself that you readers of LIFE may know what's what in the theater. Night after night, you will find him sitting through some monstrosity for your sake. Week after week, you are given the opportunity to heed his warnings and echo his praises as they appear in the pages of LIFE.

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4777

155

er Benchley Founder of Mr. Davis. This theater located at the foot of Twenty-first Street, by the East River, near the Yacht Club landing. This minute all traffic congestion this place and would also give the plays to be heard without competing with passing trucks and klaxons, especially in inclement weather. On several occasions

But, first of all, we must not forget
that little advance of, let us say, one hundred dollars? Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays
will be found on page 24.

THE BEYINNE-WALLENBEEK COMPANY, INC., PRINTERS, NEW YORK



SOME thinkers claim that they do their heaviest thinking at 7 A.M. in the bathroom while shaving. If this is true, Gillette has probably been present at the birth of more sound ideas than you could shake a shaving-stick at. And one of the soundest ideas of all is that a razor which shaves so smoothly it never interrupts your train of

thought, and which lasts a life-time, is a pretty good razor to stick to—for life. The Tuckaway is shown above. A compact and complete set in a heavily gold plated case, purple velvet and satin lined. Blade box contains ten

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Gillette
 SAFETY RAZOR

FIVE TO SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

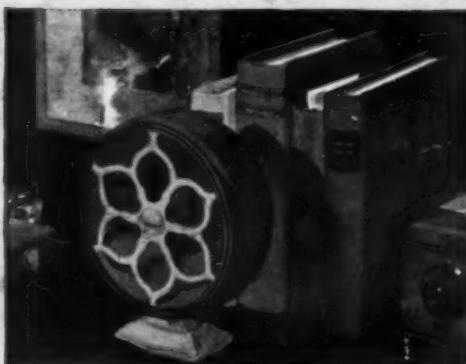


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No batteries to think about. No wondering whether your radio will work—it always works. No mistaking a famous singer—the tone is pure. Model 42 has many refinements in design—panelled corners, ball feet, a distinctively modern name plate on the gently crowned lid. Uses six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, \$86.

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Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

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MODEL 44 ELECTRIC

Into Atwater Kent Radio is built that sturdy *lastingness* which relieves 1,700,000 owners of annoyance and service fees. Model 44, extra-sensitive, extra-powerful, is of particular value where distance getting is essential or an inside antenna necessary. Uses seven A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, \$106.

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